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THE WORKINGS

OF

AN ENGLISH JEWISH CHRISTIAN HEART.

BY

MARK LEVY,

PRESIDENT CHRISTIAN JEWS' PATRIOTIC ALLIANCE.

Presented with the Author's Fraternal Greetings.

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PREFACE.

THERE is an almost universal opinion, honestly entertained by the Jews, that no one of the seed of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob truly believes in Jesus as the Son of God, the promised Messiah. In my boyhood, youth, and early manhood, this idea was firmly fixed in my mind; and, whilst possessing a kindly feeling for almost everyone, a very tidal wave of loathing would surge through my heart toward a Jewish convert to Christianity, submerging in its overflow of repulsion the noble feeling of tolerance, the only beacon in the passion-tossed sea of human nature to warn us where to steer clear of the cruel rocks of bigotry, off the sullen coast of religious fanaticism, upon which so many of God's children have been wrecked, but whereon the love-light of mercy never shines.

Ought it to be a matter of wonderment that many Hebrews, knowing nothing of the sweet teachings of Jesus, and being entirely ignorant of the fact that the writers of the New Testament were Jews, should regard with aversion one of their own race who becomes a Christian, when we

remember how cruelly so-called Christians have treated God's ancient people during many centuries? It truly seems that he has gone over to the ranks of the enemy, and has become, in the vilest possible sense, an apostate and a renegade.

I recall the time when, as a child, all my inner nature responded to the lullaby the nurses at home sang to my baby brothers and sisters—

> "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
> Look upon a little child."

But I came to almost hate His name when, on going to school, the boys, whom I was told were His followers, taunted me with being a Jew. This happened less than thirty years ago in our own dear native land.

In the following pages I have endeavoured to give an absolutely true statement of my reasons for now believing the Lord Jesus to be the promised Messiah, and in so doing have laid bare the inmost workings of my heart. Thank God, the gain I expected to make in becoming a Christian has been fully realized, viz., to be at peace with Him, and to lead a better, purer, and holier life. I will briefly sum up my experience by saying: Whilst moving in Jewish circles, my social pleasures were great, but my spiritual joy was small; in Christian circles my social

pleasures have been small, but my spiritual joy has been great.

May the central thought of these pages be found to breathe the pure harmony of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," as an echo of those sweet tones that resounded through the world on that glad morn nearly two thousand years ago, when Jesus was born in the far-off favoured village of Bethlehem.

Kind faces in a vision rise,
  The Christian and the Jew I see,
Who meet in love and fraternize,
  Beneath the spreading Olive Tree.

In peace, the Christian and the Jew
  Are mingling in one happy throng,
Their faces beam with friendship true,
  And goodwill is the only song.

And as they sing the joyous lay,
  Time-worn barriers tumble down,
As prejudices die away
  That blotted our dear Lord's renown.

And sweetest buds of purest love
  Bloom forth upon the face of all,
Whilst from their lips and eyes above
  The fragrant leaves of kindness fall.

Any portion of this work may be reprinted.

MARK LEVY

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CHAPTER I.

"Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions; according to Thy lovingkindness remember Thou me, for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord."—PSALM xxv. 7. R.V.

I ASK a prayer of all who read the words within this book;
And if in future we should meet, I ask a kindly look.
I ask forgiveness for the wrongs I have in past times wrought;
I ask attention to the truths I have myself been taught.
I ask your love for Israel's God, and for your neighbour too;
I ask you to your own best self to venture to be true.
I ask you to bewail the wrongs that war against us all;
I ask you to rely on Christ whatever may befall.
I ask you earnestly to seek the Holy Spirit's grace;
I ask your love for Palestine and Israel's ancient race.

IT is with mingled feelings of unbounded thankfulness to Almighty God for His loving kindness and tender mercy to me, and of deep humility born of the remembrance of manifold imperfections of character and weaknesses of nature, that I take up my pen to write and re-write an account of my spiritual experiences, and thus unfold the workings of an English Jewish Christian heart.

May I not confidently ask an interest in the prayers of every sincere worshipper of the Lord God of Israel, as a fellow-pilgrim wending his way, sometimes rejoicing, sometimes sorrowing, toward the eternal realms of righteousness? Prayer is the precious key that unlocks the pearly gates of heaven, whence flows the sweet light of forgiving love from the mercy-seat of God upon the sin-darkened consciences of the children of men. The contrite transgressor's cry,

God be merciful to me a sinner," Luke xviii. 13, is heard above; and nature's deep gloom is dispelled by love's bright orb of joy; and faith, hope and charity, the fragrant buds of righteousness, burst into blossom beneath its ripening ray. Dear reader, will you not help me to unbar these pearly gates, so that the sweet light may beam more brightly on you and me?

KING DAVID'S VOICE.

The scene is in a city street
Where oftentimes the schoolboys meet.
They cluster now, a noisy throng,
And many sing with glee a song;
No, not a song, a ditty more—
They sing and then with laughter roar—
"I had a bit of pork,
And stuck in on a fork,
And gave it to a Jew boy Jew."

One, standing silently apart,
Is wounded bitterly at heart,
His native blood within him boils
As from the insult he recoils;
The crimson flush upon his face
Denotes his love and pride of race;
A quiv'ring lip and clenchëd fist
Bespeak his effort to resist
The passions that within him surge
And all his inmost nature urge.
He feels the keenness of the sting—
And truest natures always fling
From off the heart with anguish wrung
The pain by aid of pen or tongue—
For turning suddenly around,

His blood red hot with wrath profound;
He lifts his voice above the din
Expressing thus the thought within—
"You Christian brutes and cowards all,"
He cries, and still they louder call,
"I had a bit of pork,
And stuck it on a fork,
And gave it to a Jew boy Jew."

He stands alone against the crowd,
But still his voice rings clear and loud—
"A Jew I am, but braver far
Than all you Christian cowards are;
For one by one I'll fight you all
Till senseless on the ground I fall."
They answer back with taunt and sneer,
And to their cry they still adhere,
"I had a bit of pork,
And stuck it on a fork,
And gave it to a Jew boy Jew."

O'erburdened by the sense of wrong,
With bursting heart he walks along,
And hurries from the active strife
Of city into country life;
But tho' the sun still brightly shone,
The sunshine from his day was gone.
He heard no more the sweet voiced birds,
His ears were filled with scoffing words;
He neither saw the budding trees,
The tinted butterflies nor bees.
The green-robed hills, and rippling brooks,
And fragrant fern-embowered nooks,
In boundless beauty could not charm;

To him they bear no soothing balm.
The fairest scene, the sweetest song,
Could not efface the sense of wrong.
A rarer solace must arise
To bring the sunshine to his eyes,
An old time voice must speak anew
To calm the sorrow of the Jew.

His mind has wandered far away
To brave King David's golden day,
He sees a gentle Jewish lad,
In lowly shepherd costume clad,
Advance to meet with fearless tread
A giant form with brutal head,
Who, fuming in impotent wrath,
Has fiercely sworn to hold the path,
And conquer by his mighty sword
The army of the living God.
The lad who bears a sling and stone,
From Israel's host has marched alone;
For armed with faith in God his King
He trusted in his stone and sling,
And has refused the armour bright
King Saul had offered for the fight.
This gentle lad so full of grace,
Of beautiful and ruddy face,
On Judah's hills had passed his days,
Where with his harp and Hebrew lays
He filled the air with radiant sound
That echoed thro' the hills around,
And tending there his father's flock
To God he did his heart unlock,
And sweet communion with Him held,

Until his loving soul was filled
With nobler thoughts and purer joy
Then ever yet was felt by boy.
In favour and in strength he grew
And gallantly the wild beast slew;
And now he stands, a stately youth,
The soul of bravery and of truth,
In sight of Israel's king and court,
To fight the fight Goliath sought.
The giant with disdainful look
Had seen the stones picked from the brook,
And drawing near he swears with rage,
Because this lad of tender age
Has dared to come with stone and sling
To fight for Israel's Lord and King.
But David knows a higher power
Upholds him in this trying hour;
He knows the mighty arm of God
Will save him from the giant's sword,
And in this faith the stone he slings,
When thro' the camp of Israel rings
A shout of victory; for he stands
Triumphant on his fathers' lands.

The boy has heard King David's voice,
And, as his heart and soul rejoice,
He hears once more the sweet voiced birds
Make music to the Psalmist's words.
He sees again the golden light
Is sprinkling all the blossoms white;
He smells the fragrance bees unbar,
And sees the green-robed hills afar.
The tinted flies upon the breeze,

The quivering boughs of graceful trees,
The blendings of the shimmering air,
The sparklings on the brooklets clear,
Now bring new gladness to his heart,
And bid the sense of wrong depart.
He sees in all the hand of God—
The God whom David called his Lord.

Ah, David! bravest of the brave!
Thy gallant deeds still serve to save
Sad Israel's sons from sinking low
When stricken by the coward's blow.
The venom from a dastard's tongue
From noble Jewish hearts have wrung
More bloody streams than ever flowed
On field where armies victory wooed.
Our fathers suffered untold pain,
And true to them we will remain.
No courage more sublime than theirs
Amid the sorrow-stricken years!
They with unflinching bravery bore
The rack of the inquisitor;
They faltered not before the sword,
Or 'neath the tyrant's knotted cord.
Each wind of woe from torture's throne
Was fiercely on their pathway blown.
But insult, battle, fire and flood
Have knit the strength of Hebrew blood;
And left the Jew unconquered still,
In heart and brain and mind and will.
And still he bears the proudest name
On all historic scrolls of fame;
And once again is Israel's star
Ascending in the heavens afar.

The lines above will convey a fair idea of the central thought of my religious life as a boy. A shadow rested over the whole of my early days in the knowledge that I was a member of a despised race. Although generally well liked by my school-fellows, and always welcomed in the play-ground as one able to take his part in the pastimes of the average English boy, my mind was hardly ever free from the thought that I was one with my companions, but not one of them. It may perhaps be difficult for those who have never stood alone in any experience of life to quite realize the burden of the position. Sometimes taunted, occasionally favoured because of my birth; never remaining long enough at one school to form any enduring friendships; debarred from attending prayers in consequence of the prohibition of my parents; proud of my race, and always willing to strike a blow in defence of its honour, yet often ashamed of my Jewish birth being known; desiring the intimacy of the noblest boys, yet afraid to make advances for fear of a repulse; always loving what was true and good, yet often doing what was ignoble and mean; believing in God and desirous of serving Him, yet never feeling at peace in consequence of conscious transgressions —my boyhood was overshadowed by many a dark cloud of unhappiness and remorse. O, how I longed in those days to breathe the pure bracing atmosphere of perfect equality enabling me to mingle with the best and bravest where none would have dared say me "nay!" Did I envy my free-hearted school companions? If so, it was with an envy devoid of guile, for I admired and would have loved them, had my position been as favoured as theirs.

Schooldays over, at an early age I was placed in business. Years passed by. Surrounded by kind and loving relations and friends; well received in the Jewish social

circles of the neighbourhood where my parents resided; fond of gaiety, desirous of pleasing, and with business prospects good—nearly every circumstance appeared to point to a present devoid of struggle and a future bright with hope. Yet inwardly a mighty conflict was incessantly raging where evil appeared to be ever victorious. Whilst continuing to love the good and true, sin had complete dominion over my mind. Often and often in the anguish of remorse I sent up a cry for deliverance to Almighty God. (May it not have been these prayers of contrition that eventually brought me to a knowledge of salvation as it is in Jesus Christ? "Ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." (Jer. xxix. 13). At times I would endeavour to atone for an evil deed by a good act, arguing that in the final settlement of accounts one would balance the other in the scale of punishments and rewards. Occasionally, by exercising an extraordinary effort of the will, for weeks I would hold my sinful passions in check, and my inner life would be passed in comparative peace and happiness; but unfortunately these periods of inward purity never lasted very long. Finally I endeavoured, by a constant attendance at synagogue, by a more or less strict observance of the Mosaic Law, and by engaging zealously in good works, to escape the burden that rested upon my whole nature.

Although conscious of many educational disadvantages, and much younger than those who take the lead in Jewish Communal affairs, I came forward and was kindly received by my elders; then, as a member of the Industrial Committee of the Jewish Board of Guardians, and in other ways, I endeavoured to serve my generation faithfully and well, animated by an all-powerful desire to atone for the errors of the past

From the very first I did not find the peace and joy expected in my new life. That a link was required to bring my nature into communication with our Heavenly Father was evident, otherwise I would not have been conscious of this failure, as it was not occasioned by any lack of desire to do my duty. The feeling of disappointment not only applied to myself, but also to many whom I had always looked up to as being strictly religious men, but whom I found, on a more intimate acquaintanceship, to be guilty of acts altogether unworthy of those professing religious feeling.

The service in the synagogue I attended was conducted almost exclusively in Hebrew, only the prayer for the royal family, and one sermon or lecture a month, being delivered in English. In common with most of the younger generation of Jews, I was not a Hebrew scholar, and being greatly helped by the sermon, came to the conclusion that if a great part of the service was conducted in the vernacular the congregation would be enabled to learn more of God's revealed Word. Acting in accordance with this thought, at the annual meeting of the members of the congregation, I moved a resolution that we should have lectures in English more frequently. This resolution was passed almost unanimously, but, much to my surprise and disappointment, it was not carried into effect during the following year. Having a very strong opinion on the subject, at the approach of the next general meeting I issued the following circular :—

11, PETHERTON ROAD, N., *April* 10, 1883.

To the Congregation of the North London Synagogue:

GENTLEMEN,—At our last general meeting I moved the following resolution : "That not less than two sermons be

delivered each month." This was unanimously carried, but no effect has been given to the wishes of the congregation embodied in their vote on that occasion, and I beg respectfully to inform you that I intend moving a similar resolution at our next general meeting. I still hold a very strong opinion as to the desirability of having these lectures more frequently, but wish to test the present opinion of the congregation on the subject, and therefore ask you, as a personal favour, to read the arguments used on the last occasion, and I earnestly solicit your support and vote.

Yours faithfully,

MARK LEVY.

"Without doubt religious lectures refine and elevate the moral tone of our characters, and are calculated to develop all those better thoughts and feelings that lie latent within us, and which are an inherent part of our nature. They substitute a better for a poorer class of thought, and thereby tend to make our lives happier and worthier. They teach us charitableness in its noblest form, by prompting us to give in thankfulness for the many benefits we enjoy, rather than from those meaner and narrower impulses which have for their object a selfish reason or a motive. They teach us to be tolerant of the faults and follies of others, because they prove that even the greatest among us are not entirely free from temptation and guile. In sorrow and misfortune they bid us hope when we should otherwise despair, by showing that those circumstances we often deplore as our direst calamities sometimes prove to be our greatest blessings.

"If we agree as to the beneficent influence that these lectures have on our characters, then to every reasoning mind will be obvious the necessity of having them frequently. To those who have always led a strictly religious life this may not appear so conclusive, but they are required for those who

have not done this, but are exploring, as it were, new and unknown regions, and, having struck upon the correct path, require a guide or a landmark to keep them from deviating from the beaten track; and then, to be of lasting good, these landmarks should be placed at such regular and frequent intervals that there will be no fear of losing sight of one before another appears in view. And I maintain that the most effective way of facilitating this much-to-be-desired result is by having these lectures more frequently. They are to the Prayer Book and the Bible what a key is to an ordinary school-book, because they explain and clear from mystery many of those circumstances relating to our observances and traditions, on the subject of which we should otherwise remain in ignorance, from the simple fact that the loss of too much time is involved in personal reference and research.* This would not apply so directly to those greater events in our history, which, from the very immensity of their importance, leave an indelible impression on our minds, and which few of us fail to commemorate by religious observance, but to those lesser links in the chain of events which, though not in themselves of vital importance, are in their aggregation the great strength and basis of our religious belief, and the commemoration of which by most of us are gradually falling into desuetude. Therefore the necessity is greater now than at any previous period in our history of keeping before the minds of the younger members of the congregation, in a manner that is intelligible to them, the truths of our religion, and the necessity is even greater of supporting these truths by conclusive evidence. In times gone by, when we were mostly congregated within a

* I would explain there is no command in the Bible for many of the Jewish observances.

restricted radius, and our habitations were contiguous to our schools and synagogues, it naturally followed that the influence that was inculcated by examples from our earliest infancy was sufficiently powerful to instil into our minds, for our religious observances, that reverence, without which in the past "they would never have weathered the storms of time." Now, to a great extent, this is altered. With an increase of general prosperity, and with a greater scope for indulgence in social intercourse with our neighbours of different religious beliefs, we have witnessed a lessening in that regard for our own religious education that every true Jew cannot but deplore. One simple fact will illustrate this assertion. Formerly nearly every Jew would have been able to repeat from memory any prayer. Now, this is not so. Formerly, being unable to do so, would have been quoted as a personal shame. Now, it is more general than otherwise, and does not occasion so much uneasiness as being unable to answer a difficult mathematical question. In my opinion the influence of these lectures, which appeal more forcibly to our understanding and intelligence than do the constant reiteration of our prayers, will gradually lessen and finally eradicate that indifference into which the youth of the present generation are drifting with respect to many of the observances that our religion imposes upon us.

"The true aim of religious ceremony is to define and make clear to our understanding the duty and obligation we owe to the Almighty and to one another. Therefore, unless our services appeal to our intelligence they accomplish no permanent good. This, I assert, they do not do. They have only a negative influence. But if, by the aid of these lectures, we render them intelligible, then, without a wilful stifling of conscientious scruples, they cannot fail to

prompt us to strive for the attainment of those best qualities of mind and heart, the possession of which can alone bring true happiness.

"Our services in their primary objects are analogous to those of the Christian churches, and as they think it necessary, even with the great advantage they possess of being enabled to say their prayers in the vernacular to further enhance their intelligibility by the aid of sermons, how much greater must the necessity be in our case, when our prayers, as we are obliged to say them, are unintelligible to more than a moiety of the congregation. Without their aid our services entirely fail to impress us with their true meaning and object; but by their aid we are enabled to interpret our religion in conformity with its widest and truest principles.

"I do not wish to be misunderstood or accused of hypocrisy: I am simply expressing the opinion of one who has not always led a religious life; nor do I now profess to perform every religious obligation,* but from this very fact I am enabled to appreciate the immensity of good these lectures will accomplish. And I would also ask you to view this question from a worldly standpoint. Let the dominant feeling be whether or not they will conduce to the eventual welfare and happiness of your children. They keep before their minds, in an intelligible form, right as opposed to wrong. They will train them to a strict integrity, an unfailing charity, a wide tolerance, and an unbounded sympathy for sorrow and suffering; and to develop or call from dormancy these virtues, our prayers, as we say them, have not the power.

"It is with a certain amount of diffidence that I have advanced what may be considered a personal idea and

* It is more difficult to do this now than it was in the time of Christ.

wish, but I feel assured in construing my motives that that tolerance which is always tendered to a young member of a community who comes forward in what he conceives to be the welfare of the general body, will be extended to me, even should my opinion prove erroneous, and this tolerance will also be sufficient to dispel any illusion that may exist in the minds of those gentlemen who form the executive as to a desire to arrogate to myself, in suggesting an innovation of this description, that position which they may think belongs exclusively to themselves."

* * * * * *

One of our ministers had died a few months before this was issued—not the one who delivered the lectures—and it became necessary that another should be chosen to fill his place. Our congregation was made up of two parties, German and English. Several ministers had appeared before us, and the selection had narrowed itself down to two; but as no unanimous decision could be arrived at we were compelled to have an election. The German party favouring one candidate, the English party the other. Committees were formed, and I was appointed Honorary Secretary of the Committee of the English party; the meetings being held at my mother's house. However, before the day fixed for election arrived, a minister connected with the most important synagogue in London died; our candidate received a call to fill this position, and, acting in accordance with our advice, he accepted it. In connection with the contest much ill-feeling had been displayed, and, as Hon. Sec. of the English party, I was made the centre of much ill-natured criticism, which was deepened by the circular issued in reference to the revision of the ritual.

Smarting under the injustice, and feeling convinced, after a struggle of over two years' duration, that I should

never find happiness in the Jewish religion, I determined to seek this elsewhere, and therefore addressed the following circular to the congregation :—

11, PETHERTON ROAD, HIGHBURY, N.,
May 1, 1883.

To the Members of the North London Synagogue :

GENTLEMEN,—At our last general meeting I moved a resolution that not less than two sermons be delivered each month. This was carried almost unanimously, but no attention has been given to the wishes of the congregation. I had a very strong opinion on the subject; and having knowledge that our minister was not unwilling to carry our wishes into effect, the question naturally suggested itself to my mind—Why is it that a potent influence for good is not utilized to the fullest extent? Acting in accord with these ideas, I sent out a circular stating my intention of again coming forward in the matter.

I would ask you to believe I acted from purely conscientious motives, and assumed that within God's house at least all personal feeling, all antagonism, every motive that has its inception in personal dislike or friendly bias would be put aside, and that religious questions would be discussed in conformity with the precepts of religious teaching; that is, I thought everyone would express his convictions according to his conscience, credit others with doing likewise, and show the greatest tolerance for the opinions of those who differed from himself.

I came forward uninfluenced by any wish to interfere with or force my opinion on those gentlemen, who were perhaps, from their age and length of service spent in the interests of the congregation, better qualified than myself to guide and influence those who take but a transitory interest

in religious affairs. I did not lose sight of this fact for one moment, but bearing in mind that the resolution was adopted almost unanimously last year, that our minister was not unwilling to carry it into effect, and having some doubts as to the present wishes of the congregation in the matter, I was justified and acted in perfect accord with the dictates of common sense in endeavouring to influence their minds before again bringing the subject on for discussion, and was not, as one of your committee has said, a madman for moving in the matter. "None can correctly say what is the atmosphere surrounding the inner lives of their fellow-men. None know what reason, what motive, or what accident of circumstance prompts another to each separate action of his career;" but be it joy or be it sorrow that influenced me, I was endeavouring to be as I wished to be, and I wished all to be as I wished to be, viz., a true Jew with the respect and esteem of my fellow-men.

Instead of the exercise of mutual tolerance, what feeling do we find existent amongst us? A disposition to credit those who take an interest in religious matters with every motive but that which is true and honourable. I for one can thoroughly understand that two men may hold an opposite opinion on the same subject, and still each act conscientiously.

I had come to the conclusion that many men I had always looked up to as conscientious religious men, did not possess those good qualities they should have, and I conceived the idea that the influence of these lectures on the minds of the younger generation would call from dormancy traits of character conspicuous by their absence in the older generation. I had come to the conclusion that there existed less tolerance, less charity, and far less sympathy for sorrow and

suffering among those who profess religious feeling, than among those who do not make any such profession, but was willing to be convinced of my error, if error it be.

It is now three weeks since the circular was issued. Since then I have come in contact with many members of the congregation, and how correct my conclusions were has been forcibly impressed on my mind. Instead of mutual tolerance, I have heard none but the most unworthy motives assigned to those who have taken part in the canvass for the election of our minister.

There are some among the congregation with whom I have spent many happy hours, who well know I have been endeavouring to act in accordance with my conscience and convictions, which now prompt me to inform you that I intend to renounce Judaism and embrace Christianity. There are many things in our religion I fail to understand, and the feelings that animate the majority of those who profess to be sincere are not such as I conceive religion should develop; all will agree that that which is a source of sorrow should be struck out of one's life.*

* * * * * * *

Immediately on the appearance of this circular I received many visits and letters of sympathy from friends and strangers. I had issued it in a moment of irritation, and whilst smarting under a sense of unjust treatment, but without the slightest knowledge of the truths of Christianity. Under the benign influence of sympathy and expressions of kindness on all sides, and after a visit to the present Chief Rabbi, I was convinced I had acted thoughtlessly and there-

* Several sentences of the original have been left out, and many words altered; this is the case also with other previous writings that appear herein.

upon, at his request, sent out another circular to the congregation stating I would never renounce the Jewish religion. (As a Christian, I have the consolation of knowing I have not done this—one being the fulfilment of the other.)

After sending out the last circular, I sent in my resignation as a member of the Industrial Committee of the Jewish Board of Guardians, and in reply received a most kindly worded letter from the Chairman, acknowledging valuable services, and asking me, as a personal favour, to withdraw it. Whilst I could not fail to be gratified at the expressions of sympathy that were showered on me, still the painful experiences undergone left me in a state of mind gloomy in the extreme. I had made a sincere effort to do my duty in the sight of God and man, and the result had been a miserable failure. I was disappointed alike in myself and others. For a few weeks I continued to attend the synagogue, but finally gave up going altogether.

This record would not be a faithful one if I failed to state that during this period of my life I met with several disappointments and misfortunes, in love, business, and other ways, which thoroughly unsettled my mind.

However, one circumstance of my career proved conclusively that God's everlasting arms were beneath me. I would not lightly make this episode public, and relate it to the glory of God. In my despair I had determined to take my own life. Going home one evening with this thought fixed in my mind, I knocked at the door. It was opened by a sister, who in great agitation informed me that the cook was dying. Whilst eating, a piece of meat had lodged in her larynx, and but for the doctor's fortunate arrival she would undoubtedly have died. During this scene, which occupied a considerable time, my dear mother and sister were weeping most bitterly. Naturally, on noticing their grief for a

stranger, my heart was filled with remorse to think I had entered the house with full determination of taking my own life. If they sorrowed thus for a servant, would not their hearts be almost broken if I, their loved son and brother, were dead? Accepting the intimation immediately as a direct warning from a kind, loving, Heavenly Father to a sinning penitent child, and labouring under a sense of solemn fear and gratitude to Him for His mercy, I took the doctor—a friend of the family—apart, and unburdened my mind. This happened just before the events connected with the election.

* * * * * * *

Having found no help in the synagogue, at last, in my despair, I commenced attending Church, and from the very first the service had a most soothing influence upon my mind, especially the singing. But if the sweet hymns first attracted me, I soon found the prayers and sermons were appealing to my heart and conscience with the full force of truth, and after much hesitation, I commenced reading the New Testament. Its sublime teaching impressed me most powerfully, and I found many questions I had been asking myself all my life answered therein. The verses that impressed me most forcibly are those of St. Paul, in Rom. vii. 19—25: R.V. "For the good which I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I practise. But if what I would not, that I do, it is no more I that do it, but sin which dwelleth in me. I find then the law, that, to me who would do good, evil is present. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see a different law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity under the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who

shall deliver me out of the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then I myself with the mind serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin."

I had been asking myself, Why should man be held responsible for sin, considering he is born in sin? At the present day the Jews make no sin-offering to God as a propitiation for transgression. It is true they fast one day in the year as an atonement, but the feeling with me was one of continued suspense during the greater part of the year. It was, therefore, like a revelation to me to read in Rom. v. 18—21, R.V. "So then as through one trespass the judgement came unto all men to condemnation; even so through one act of righteousness the free gift came unto all men to justification of life. For as through the one man's disobedience the many were made sinners, even so through the obedience of the one shall the many be made righteous. And the law came in beside, that the trespass might abound; but where sin abounded, grace did abound more exceedingly: that, as sin reigned in death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Finding my nature was in perfect sympathy with the teaching of the Christian religion, and finding also a peace and joy during the services in the churches never before known, I finally determined to embrace Christianity; but, wishing to spare the feelings of my relations, I decided to leave England before making a public proclamation of my faith, and with this thought uppermost in my mind, started for Australia.

Often in after years when wandering lonely hearted among strangers, I recall a scene oft enacted within a cosy room of a cheerful home, located in one of the suburbs of dear old

London town. A fair young girl, with a sweet pure face, is seated at a piano and flooding the room with melodious strains as she touches the keys with a master hand. An elderly lady and four other girls are also seated within the room, engaged in various occupations, and their bright happy faces increase the beauty of a scene that is transcendently lovely in its fair homelike appearance. Could such a picture so full of life and light and delicate coloring fail to charm away the gloom from the most despondent mind? Alas! yes; for there are some wounds of heart and soul, and some weaknesses of nature, that the fairest earthly scenes cannot cure, even when they appear almost divine in their sweet simplicity. There are depths of sorrow to which a heavenly hand can alone supply the healing balm.

It is our own dear home, and the occupants of the room —my mother, my sisters, and myself—are united by those strong bonds of loving affection which is so charming a characteristic of Jewish home-life, the high development of which is doubtlessly due to the centuries of bitter persecution to which they have been subjected, for it has caused us to seek, in mutual love and sympathy, consolation for burdens and agonies of life unequalled in their multiplicity and bitterness, and trained our hearts to feel intensely the misfortunes of others. It serves to prove conclusively that human nature is purified in suffering if it bows in humility to the divine will; and no one can deny that the Jews, as a nation, have so bowed when we recall the many evidences of their steadfastness amid the severest ordeals that have ever tested a nation's courage and a nation's loyalty to the principles they advocate, and is moreover the most powerful and valid evidence that can possibly be advanced as to the honesty and sincerity of the belief they continue to uphold, that their

worship of God is the only true and acceptable one to Him.

The fierce fires of persecution forged as strong as adamant a loving link which held the Jewish nation together for centuries in every part of the globe; but I think, in countries where persecution has ceased, this link is becoming weaker, for the sincere worship of God is waning, and mutual love no longer proves effectual in seasons of sorrow to console the weary hearted, even when associated with a devout desire to serve God; for in the almost universal spiritual deadness that prevails, the more earnest minded are not understood even by their religious teachers, and they now seek and find strength and solace at a source which for centuries has been hidden from their eyes, buried beneath mountains of wrong heaped up by those whose duty it was to proclaim its healing power.

CHAPTER II.

"Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—MATTHEW v. 6.

AFTER an affectionate parting with my old friends and relatives—and it is a source of supreme satisfaction at this time to know I still possess their love and confidence—I started on my voyage for the new world, where I expected on my arrival to start a new life in a new faith. The day was gloomy in the extreme, and appeared to be in perfect sympathy with the condition of my mind. I was leaving a mother and sisters bowed down with sorrow in the thought that I might never return, their grief being aggravated by the knowledge that it was my intention to embrace Christianity; and I could not fail to realize what a source of anxiety I had been to them for some considerable time, whilst through it all they had displayed the most considerate lovingkindness, and had endeavoured, by every means that affection could suggest, to assuage my sorrow; but all their efforts had been in vain, and I was convinced they would continue to be so. The intense mental struggle undergone had made its influence felt on my bodily health, and I will sum up my condition at this time by saying, I do not think there could possibly have been in any part of the globe a more miserably despondent being than myself.

It is my intention to refer only to those events of the voyage that had an influence on my thoughts as far as concerned my religious life. For the first few days I was too unwell to take note of what was transpiring, but the following lines, written about a week after leaving home, will convey a true impression of my thoughts :—

I stand and watch the surging waves all crested with a foam,
Now dancing wildly round the ship, far from my English
home.
I listen to the ceaseless flip made by the flapping sail,
Well shaken by that mighty force, a rapid rising gale.
I gaze across the boundless stretch of angry winter sea,
And know its swelling roll from sleep will hold my senses
free.
Then memory goes roving back with sadness down the past,
For o'er the dream of loving hearts a shadow has been cast.
At home a mother dearly loved, and sisters young and fond,
Are left disconsolate to feel the pang of grief's despond.
But mother dear, and sisters all, do not regret I left,
For had I stayed I may have been of sanity bereft.
I well recall your loving zeal my sorrow to amend,
But on the old familiar scenes success would not attend.
No earthly hand could minister to my disease of mind,
Till God in mercy whispered where true happiness to find.
Then we could not see eye to eye, our hopes lay wide apart,
And it was best for my soul's sake from home and friends to
part.
Now, here, away from sorrows' scenes, and bound for distant
climes,
I will renew my youth of hope, the peace of other times.
Away then thoughts of sadness, and begone then dull despair,
'Tis sin to let past memories o'ershadow hope so fair;
The universe presents to me delights before unknown,
For in the fertile ground of grief sweet buds of truth have
grown.
Unclouded rays of new born joy upon my pathway beam,
Which promise all my future years from sorrow to redeem.
Then, gallant ship, speed faster still to the far distant shore,
And mother dear, and sisters all, pray, pray regret no more.

We had on board as passengers several ministers of different denominations, and at table I was seated next to the family of a clergyman belonging to the Church of England. I soon became very friendly, and made a confidant of him, and he was generally most sympathetic Every Sunday we had two, and sometimes three, services, when most of the passengers attended. I will be brief, and simply say that on my arrival in Australia, after six weeks' intercourse with so-called Christian people, and careful summing up of their actions and sayings, I came to the conclusion that the Jewish character, with all its faults, was superior to that of the Christian, and thereupon determined to make another effort to lead a pure and holy life as a Jew. Many considerations led me to this decision. In the first place, I made the mistake of judging the religion of Christ by its so-called professors, and of thinking every Gentile was a Christian. In the second place, after a long sea voyage, I was in a perfect condition of bodily health, and my mind had received exhilaration from a thorough change of life and scene; and beyond this, I thought of the excessive sorrow it would cause my beloved mother and sisters if they knew I had really embraced Christianity. They had said, when informed that such was my intention, that they did not believe I would ever do so. But the most powerful consideration that influenced me was this: although I found great peace and joy in attending the services, and admired the pure teachings of Christ, I was not at this period thoroughly convinced of His divinity; and I also thought that possibly the reason of my failure to find peace in the Jewish religion was because I had neglected my duty in following out all its precepts and teachings. In all this I was endeavouring to be perfectly honest with God

and myself, as the following lines from my journal will prove to any unprejudiced mind :—

Upon the distant shores I land,
And all my gloomy thoughts disband—
With body and mind to health restored,
All sorrows from my heart outpoured.

'Tis like awakening from a sleep,
Where evil dreams their revels keep,
And fair the dawn of day appears,
In contrast to the night's dark fears.

The sun above in brightness glows,
And thro' my mind a sweet thought flows ;
For all around conspires to tell,
The past to grieve has lost its spell.

The clouds have now all passed away,
And unto God I humbly pray,
For strength past follies to avoid,
That peace and joy be not destroyed.

O Father, give me strength of will,
All debasing desires to kill !
Most humbly for Thy help I plead,
Let me from evil thoughts be freed !

My heart and soul keep pure and clear ;
Thy Holy Word make me revere !
And may my future be the bond
That I prepare for the Beyond !

Then mother dear, and sisters, all,
If you cannot myself recall,
O let my peace your solace be !
For my best thoughts still dwell with thee.

After a voyage of several weeks on the rolling deep with its incessant motion, the average mind craves for stillness, and a sense of delicious contentment is the dominant feeling when stepping on *terra firma.* And then the change from miles and miles of watery sameness to endless variety on every side, fills the eye with form and colour, and endows the mind with sensations of pleasure such as, I think, few can appreciate except those who have landed after a long sea voyage.

Sydney Harbour has truly a most soothing influence on a mind seeking for the blessing of peace and purity. It has been my good fortune, in God's gracious providence, to gaze on many and varied scenes in His great and glorious universe, but none that so filled the sight with a sense of all that is lovely in nature as this enchanting, fairy-like scene of beauty in the far-off sunny south, "The land of the Golden Fleece."

Sometimes on entering a church our souls are entranced, and awaken to rapture as the organ peals forth a hymn of praise and thanksgiving, and the sweet pure voices of the singers mingle, and then rise and fall in one continuous ring of gladness. The depths of our natures are stirred; we realize that some unknown chord has been touched, and ever after our lives are attuned to holier and nobler aspirations, and the memory of the moment will linger to gladden our thoughts and brighten our lives.

An influence somewhat similar flooded my mind as the many features of this matchless scene gradually unfolded. A halo of serene contentment appeared to rest on everything around, as if all that was best in nature's realm had conspired with the noble monuments of man's handiwork to honour the Divine Maker of all, and that He had blessed and crowned the effort by an approving smile of

joy. Dead indeed must be the soul that is not quickened to purer hopes and resolutions amid such surroundings!

I had to travel many and many a thousand miles by sea and land; go through a renewed experience of sin and sorrow, and be refreshed anew at the fountain of truth, before I could look upon the scene and feel that my feet were at last firmly planted on the "Rock of Ages," Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Saviour and Lord.

Soon after my arrival in Sydney, I became acquainted with many of the best Jewish families there, including that of the Chief Rabbi, whose home I visited. It would be impossible for me to forget the excessive kindness and hospitality extended by almost every one to whom I was introduced. This stands out in bold relief when contrasted with the reception subsequently met with from Christian people.

I became a constant attendant at the synagogue, and at first felt contented, but after a time the old doubts and consequent distress of mind revived; and, despite my efforts to lead a pure and holy life, the résult was a repetition of that led in England. I occasionally attended church, and always found a calm pleasure in the service, but still could not truly say I believed in the divinity of Christ; and failing this, had no desire to sever myself from my Jewish brethren. In the light of subsequent experience I am convinced I had not at this period thoroughly surrendered my heart to do the will of God. At last I decided to leave the Antipodes, and proceed to America. The many kindnesses received in Australia from Jew and Gentile has left in my heart an affection for that country and people nothing will ever dispel. Advance, bright and happy land, from prosperity to prosperity, from honour to honour, from glory to glory—but in hospitality thou canst not advance, having reached the highest standard.

In bright Australia, sunny land,
The folk receive with open hand
The wanderers from far and near,
And strive by endless friendly cheer
To render happy and content
The lives of those whom fortune sent
From home, kind friends, and kindred dear.
Convincing proof that they revere
Inspiring stories that were told
By wanderers in days of old.
Traditions that we all are taught,
How those who health or fortune sought;
And thus in British Islands roved
There met with friendship. It has proved
The kindly spirit has not died,
That was your fathers' honest pride.
Kindness in brightness shed a ray
O'er hearts of strangers to allay
The craving for old scenes and race,
Thus bright thoughts morbid ones displace.
The lovingkindness I receive,
Has half induced me not to leave
Your sunny hospitable land,
With all its promise great and grand.

On the voyage to America, I had the pleasure and good fortune of meeting the Rev. G. O. Barnes and family. They had been on an evangelical tour round the world, and were returning to their native country. We soon became very friendly; and although never breathing a word as to the struggle that was going on in my mind, I took every opportunity of leading the conversation to religious subjects. Mr. Barnes, being very interested in the Jewish race, rendered this an easy matter, and we had many long and interesting

talks as to their past and future. This was the first real opportunity I had of studying pure Christianity, as represented in everyday life. The hope and faith in our Saviour displayed by every member of the family, coupled with the evident happiness and perfect peace of their inner lives, had a very important influence on my subsequent proceedings.

On my arrival in San Francisco I delivered letters of introduction to Jewish people there, and received similar hospitable treatment to that accorded by everyone in Australia. I dwell on this fact, desiring that my Jewish brethren should know I do not forget their lovingkindness to me, a stranger; and that, remembering it, my affection for them grows stronger than ever. But simple human kindness could not give me the peace of mind for which I was searching, so I determined to proceed after Mr. Barnes. I overtook him in Chicago, and regretted very much to hear he had arranged to leave the next day. I thereupon told him I desired to enter into a Christian family as a boarder, for the purpose of seeing what Christian home-life was like. He introduced me to a lady friend, who arranged for me to take up my abode with her the following Saturday. On that day I forwarded my luggage from the hotel, but the lady could not receive me in consequence of illness. It appears she had written to this effect, but the letter had not been delivered. Feeling very ill myself from the excessive heat of the weather, in my disappointment I determined to return to Australia, and within a week was on my way back. It is impossible for me to pourtray in language the struggle that was going on in my mind during the whole of this time. I sought to allay it by indulging in nearly every form of excitement, which only tended to increase my misery. At last, after a continuous inward warfare of several years, having become convinced of the Messiahship of Jesus, and

recognizing that my only hope of happiness was involved in publicly acknowledging my faith, I determined to do so.

I will now relate particulars of a circumstance which, for a considerable time, had exercised a powerful influence upon my thoughts. For several years the spirit of gambling had possession of my mind. Having joined one of the well-known London betting clubs, I was privileged to enter Tattersall's ring at the race meetings, being thus enabled to indulge the passion to its fullest extent. For a year or two I managed to steer clear of difficulty, but one week the almost inevitable result that attends the backer of horses overtook me. I lost more than it was convenient to pay, *i.e.*, about £1,600 (sixteen hundred pounds sterling). I made great efforts by appealing to my friends for assistance to settle my account, but in vain, although some help was offered. The bookmakers treated me very kindly, and after receiving a small amount on account, agreed to wait for the balance. In succeeding years I was unfortunate in business, and unable to clear off the debts. Once during a conversation with my dear father he had spoken with pride of having always paid twenty shillings in the £ to those who had claims against him, and it was my great desire to follow in his footsteps. The burden of these debts of honour weighed heavily on my conscience, and whenever I thought of confessing to my faith in Christ, the following thoughts always arose in my mind. What will the Jewish people say? Why! they will point with scorn to your character as a defaulter, and denounce you with the name of "Cheat." They will turn to Christians and say, is he a sample of your Jewish believers in Jesus? And then the inevitable question would arise in my mind, Shall I not under the circumstances bring dishonour on the cause of Christ?

Had my mind not been distracted by these thoughts, I might have given a calmer consideration to the claims, and been brought to an earlier knowledge of the Messiahship of Jesus. But on the other hand the misfortune was one of the first events in my career to effectually turn me for consolation to higher and holier things. However, when I finally came to a true knowledge of the mission of Jesus—to call sinners and not the righteous to repentance—I decided to throw all my burdens upon Him; and one Sunday evening, in the city of Melbourne, I went on my knees in one of the churches, and asked God for Christ's sake to forgive and receive me, promising to make a public confession of my faith in accordance with the commands of Scripture. The next week the great racing festival of the Australian Colonies was to be held, and I had already entered into some betting engagements. Knowing I could not consistently indulge this passion of gambling as a Christian, I made a solemn promise that after the week was over I would give it up for ever. In a remarkable way I was very successful during the week and thus enabled to pay off my old debts of honour.

Immediately after this event I called upon the minister of the church to which I have referred, and sought his advice. He thought it best, as I intended returning to America, for me to postpone my baptism until my arrival there, and on my departure gave me a letter of introduction to a ministerial friend in New York.

Thank God for the bright day when I was brought to a knowledge of Jesus, my beloved Redeemer! Then the burden of my sin rolled away, the reason for the suffering and dispersion of my race was made clear; all the shame of freely acknowledging my Jewish birth gradually disappeared; my right to claim the fellowship of all good men

in the name of the Fatherhood of God, and Brotherhood of Man, was made evident, and the supreme joy of being enabled to worship God in the beauty of holiness descended on my nature as a divine benediction, truly turned my bondage into freedom, my grief into gladness, and my despair of the future into a glorious hope, despite the sorrow inseparable from the severance of home-ties and dear old companionships. "I know that my Redeemer liveth"! (Job xix. 25.)

Lord Jesus, would I know Thee
  If I saw Thy gentle face,
And recognize the purity
  Of its exquisite grace?

Lord Jesus, didst Thou walk the earth,
  Would I Thy follower be?
Would I be willing to forego
  All else for love of Thee?

Lord Jesus would I flee away
  If danger neared Thy side?
Would I look on without remorse,
  If Thou wert crucified?

Lord Jesus, would my heart be thrilled
  If Thou from death arose?
And, then, would I go forth in joy
  All evil to oppose?

Lord Jesus, would I willingly
  Proclaim Thee Lord of all?
Confessing Thee before the world,
  Whatever might befall!

Lord Jesus, Thou art not on earth,
  And canst not answer me,
But I will give my love and life
  All loyally to Thee.

CHAPTER III.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. XI. 28. "For God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life."—JOHN iii. 16. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners: of whom I am chief."—TIM. i. 15. "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."—I JOHN ii. 1.

Whilst wand'ring through this world of sin,
  Our hearts bow down in woe and pain;
Evil the vict'ry seems to win,
  But then our hearts revive again.

We enter in true Christian homes,
  And here all is serenely bright:
Over the heart new pleasure comes;
  We revel in religious light.

We go into the house of God,
  And hear the sweet hymn swelling high;
And heart and soul in glad accord
  Unite, and say no sin is nigh.

Sad heart draw near, you will find hope,
  As strength to you is timely given;
No more with sin in weakness cope,
  No longer be by Satan driven.

Sad heart draw near, you will find peace,
  If you in child-like faith consent,
For love of Christ, your sins to cease,
  And not rebel at chastisement.

Sad heart draw near, you will find joy,
  You will find pleasure calm and pure;
A pleasure that will never cloy,
  But will your future peace insure.

Sad heart draw near, in God believe,
  Jesus will every burden bear;
And He will every care relieve,
  And He will every fault repair.

On arriving in New York, I delivered the letter of introduction, but had no reason to feel gratified with the reception given me. While in Australia I had heard from American friends very much favourable talk of Philadelphia, and at once proceeded there, where I was baptized on the twenty-third day of January, eighteen hundred and eighty-seven. The following is a copy of a speech made at the Young Men's Christian Association immediately afterwards :—

"In rising to address you, I am filled with a supreme joy and an unbounded thankfulness to Almighty God that He has spared me until this time, thus enabling me to proclaim my belief in the Godhead of His only begotten Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and to testify to my faith in the infinite power and glory of His holy name. In one respect, I believe my position differs from that of any one present, inasmuch as I was born in the Jewish faith. Now, no one realizes more fully than I do the odium that usually attaches to any who is a so-called apostate from the faith of his fathers. I remember it is not many years since I would have stigmatized such a deed as an act of the greatest cowardice, and one having its inception in motives the reverse of pure and holy, but I have now altered this opinion, and what I say to-day I wish to be accepted as a justification of my conscientiousness.

"Suppose, for example, a young man is living in a country where generation after generation of his forefathers have lived and died. This country is far away from the large centres of population; but the gradual spread of education and culture has as last reached this far-off region, and has awakened in his mind a restless, indescribable craving that nothing in his surroundings can satisfy. He does not know exactly what he requires. All he can define is that he is thoroughly unsettled, and that there has been engendered an all-powerful desire to see for himself those great countries and wonders of the world of which he has heard and read so much. He has sufficient ambition and courage to go on a journey of exploration, and after encountering much hardship and danger, at last arrives in a country which more than realizes his most sanguine expectations. He settles down, becomes successful, and is soon enabled to gratify every desire, and is, moreover, enabled to bring his relatives and his old friends and companions into the same glorious land, which is abundant enough to support millions of people. I ask one and all, would you call that man a traitor to his country or a deserter of his friends, because he had sufficient courage to brave danger and undergo hardship in the hope of gaining a bright and happy future he knew could never be realized by remaining in the land of his forefathers?

"And is it not the same with the soul's longings? Have we not this same restless, indescribable, spiritual craving? And have we not, nearly every one of us, an ever-abiding conscious sense of sin? Does this not produce first sorrow, then despondency, then despair? And, if we have no religion to sustain us, do we not run into dissipation in the hope of gaining relief or forgetfulness? This was somewhat of my position. At last I fly to religion for a solace; and

I find religion as taught in the Synagogue neither confers consolation in sorrow nor does it give one strength to resist temptation. I read the Bible, and find man is born in sin; but I find no justification. You must understand, I had not read the gospel; and, in the present day, the Jews have no temple wherein they can make sin offerings to God as propitiation for transgressions. Time after time I asked, why should man be held responsible? I received no satisfactory answer, and was filled with a great sorrow, knowing my own weakness.

"I had heard of a religion beyond—the religion of the Christian. Here, I was told, those who were sorrowful or distressful found consolation; those who were burdened with sin found a justification, and those who were weak found a great strength to resist temptation by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. In my despair, I resolved to explore this new spiritual country, and commenced attending church and reading the gospel; after a prolonged struggle, the light of the glorious truth was evident; and, in accepting it in full, abiding faith, I gained as I was promised, a consolation for my sorrow, a justification from my sins, and a great strength to resist temptation.

"I ask one and all, would it not have been worse than madness for me to have refused this great salvation?

"I am thankful, having found grace in God's sight, that he has made the truth evident to me; and it is as clear and bright to my soul's sight as the noonday sun of a fine summer's day is clear and bright to all who will not refuse to look. I thank God that He thought best to take me by the by-path of sorrow, through the valleys of despond and despair, into that glorious country where you can feel, as it were the near presence of the Saviour, standing with outstretched hands and a glorious smile on His face; ready

to welcome repentant sinners. No one who has not experienced this feeling can realize the supreme rapture of the moment when the heart bounds with joy at feeling the nearness of this glorious presence, and when the rarefied atmosphere surrounding the inner life makes the soul expand in blissful anticipation of joys to come. The combined eloquence of every preacher in Christendom, would fail to portray the serene, blissful contentment that falls into one's life when he first realizes the full meaning of those words, "My Redeemer and my Saviour," when in every fibre, heart, mind, and spirit combine, and go forth in glad accord to meet and accept in faith that gracious invitation, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.) No pulpit oratory can possibly convey the faintest idea of the restful happiness that remains with us, if we accept the promise in full, abiding faith. The greater the soul's sin, the greater the joy. The greater the sinner, the kinder and more gracious the welcome.

"Understand, I did not arrive at this conclusion until after a prolonged struggle. My unhappiness was not occasioned by the want of good and kind relatives and friends, nor for lack of resource of amusement without myself. It was occasioned by the ever-abiding, conscious sense of sin within, and the knowledge of my weakness and inability to overcome it. In accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as my Redeemer and Saviour, I gained that peace that passeth all understanding; and now, after years of sorrow, I am looking forward to a bright and happy future and a life of usefulness to my fellow-men.

"In embracing the Christian religion, I do not renounce the faith of my fathers. I retain this, and accept the Lord Jesus as the promised Messiah, and I accept the Old and

New Scriptures as the inspired word of God, without the slightest reservation, and in the fullest possible faith.

"There is one circmstance I cannot allow to pass unmentioned. I had to struggle between separating myself from my Saviour or from my beloved mother and sisters—a mother and sisters of whom any son or brother might well feel proud, and who love me as fondly and dearly as son and brother were ever loved; a mother whose image is entwined around my heart's core by the remembrance of a thousand kindnesses; a mother who lives entirely for her children, and whom this deed of mine will grieve long and deeply. I separate myself from my darling sisters, who, in a time of great sorrow, displayed in a hundred different ways the most considerate, loving kindness, and who, at this moment, are anxiously awaiting my expected arrival in England. But this does not depress me. I can only hope, by the grace of God and by the power of this love, that they will eventually be brought to a knowledge of our blessed Saviour.

"In conclusion I would say, as a Christian, I hold out the hand of good fellowship to all men, and in this, my public proclamation of Christianity, I ask forgiveness of thosel have injured or offended. All who have injured or offended me I freely forgive. If through any example, deed, or influence of mine any have been brought within the circle of sin, I pray earnestly to God that He will no longer let the effect of this influence have dominion over them, but that one and all may be brought to His service through our Lord Jesus Christ."

There is a joy believers in our Saviour feel,
But which true-hearted followers alone can know;
It is that perfect peace so constant and so real,
Which comes when we on Him all sin and sorrow throw.

* * * * * * *

I do not think I can better describe my feeling after baptism than by saying it was one of sorrowful happiness. Happiness in the thought that I stood justified in the sight of God, in realizing my sins had been washed away in the blood of the Lamb. Sorrow, in the knowledge that my action would cause the most excessive pain and grief to my beloved mother and sisters. No one outside the Jewish faith can realize the anguish that surges over the heart of a Jew or Jewess when he or she receives information that a relative has embraced Christianity; and it is to them that words of sympathy should be addressed. The believer, if he realizes the full truth of the Christian religion, possesses a peace and joy that nothing can take away. His relatives cannot understand this, and regard him as being condemned in the sight of God and man, and by many orthodox Jews he is shunned as deserving the utmost contempt. Recollecting my feeling of former days toward converts, I shall never condemn or resent the action of any sincere Jew toward myself, and while it cannot but be a source of pain to hear contemptuous remarks, I sympathize with and excuse their feeling.

On the night following my baptism I found it impossible to rest, from thinking how I should best break the news to my beloved mother and sisters. By various hints I had prepared them for my action. Some may think it would have been more considerate, as I was away from home, to have kept the knowledge from them, but I did not think I was justified in doing so on reading the words of St. Paul, Rom. x, 10: "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

In the first glow of my enthusiasm, I thought if they read the gospel they would also become convinced that Jesus was the Son of God, the Promised Messiah, and in my desire to influence them, wrote the following lines among others :—

In restless journey here below,
A supreme solace calms our woe.

* * * *

When our rejoicing soul reveals
The love of those divine appeals,
That Christ has made to every heart,
Beseeching us with sin to part,
Then all within expands in bliss
As if rewarded by a kiss
Sent from the great white throne above,
Where He now reigns in realms of love.
And heart and soul, in glad accord,
Accept in fullest faith the Word
As message of a faithful friend,
Who does our greatest good intend,
And marks a sure and pleasing way,
Wherein to travel, day by day,
In gracious story, simply told
That every one, both young and old,
Its full import can easily learn,
And for their soul salvation earn.
If Gospel teaching be our guide,
They will our sinful passions chide,
But will at last all sin o'ercome
And fit us for our future home.
Could better gift our Father give,
Than send His son on earth to live,
That we should from our sins be freed?
Could other gift supply the need?
He sent Him here to live and die,
Then raised Him to His throne on high.
But He has died that we might live,
Believing this, God will forgive

The faults and errors of our past;
Will give us peace while life shall last.
And when it ends our spirit flies
To a bright mansion in the skies.

* * * *

Can worldly pleasures give us rest?
Their fleeting joys our thoughts arrest,
But like the poppies bright with red,
When plucked they droop and soon are dead.
Is it not true, vain, earthly joy,
Does quickly pall and quickly cloy?
Recall to mind each pleasure vain;
Do they real happiness contain?
Or visions leave of pure delight?
Or put our doubts and fears to flight?
As will the holy Word of God,
To those who lave in Jesus' blood,
And strive to do as He commands,
And what the word of God demands.
"Could I but live my life again!"
Some say, betraying thus their pain,
And looking back upon our past,
Do not events some shadows cast,
And fill our days and nights with gloom,
As sinful hours like spectres loom?
Do we not know each sinful deed
Is like unto a restless steed;
Its driver's strength o'erpowered at last,
May in its course and havoc cast?
For evil will o'erpower our will,
And may in time our conscience kill
If we rely on earthly hope,
Or weakly with our passions cope.

But Christ reveals a perfect way,
Whereby we may our passions slay,
And check desires that poison thought,
If we revere what He has taught.
He died to cleanse us from our sin,
That we eternal life might win.
This is the supreme solace given,
To hearts with sin and sorrow riven.
Believing it in faith, I know
A perfect peace on earth below,
As a great joy serenely calm,
Now floods my soul with soothing balm.

The following extracts from a letter written by my beloved mother will convey an idea as to how the news of my conversion was received :—

"In yours of March 25th, you say your enforced absence from us all is a source of great sadness to you. O, my dear Mark, what do you think my feeling must be, when I lay my head on my pillow at night, to think that you, who I have always looked up to as all that was good and noble—you, who I looked upon to take the place of a father to the darling girls—you, who have always been so good and thoughtful to me—you, who it has been my pride and joy to extol to every one, think of the great grief you are causing me in my old age. I pray you to return home; all your friends (and you have many) are anxious you should do so. You are now entirely among strangers; if sickness or sorrow should overtake you, you would crave for those who are dear to you. I can only pray that the Almighty will hear my prayer. You say you have been away nearly three years, and that I must be getting reconciled to the

parting. That I shall never be; I miss you more than ever.

"God bless and protect you, is the constant prayer of your loving mother."

This and similar characteristic letters from relatives and friends caused me the greatest anguish. In one of my letters I had written thus: "I feel I ought to express sorrow for feeling so happy, knowing what grief and pain I have caused you." I did not quite realize the secret of this peace until hearing a sermon on Gal. v. 22: "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, &c." When the minister expounded the word long-suffering coming between peace and gentleness, it became clear to my mind how with much pain of heart we may still have peace of mind and joy of spirit.

Forgive me, beloved mother and sisters, for all the sorrows I have caused you! You are my sacrifice to the great cause, and the sacrifice must be a perfect one; but the world shall honour you for your true, loving, tender, generous hearts. "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." (Matt. v. 4.)

I know, my love, you love the Lord,
  But see Him through a darkened glass;
You have not heard the Gospel Word:
  I pray that this may come to pass.

I pray to you our Lord will send
  His grace to see the truth aright;
Then you and I our knees will bend
  And thank Him we have found the Light.

The Profit of Pain.

The sun and the rain in nature perfect
  Into rich ripeness fruits of the earth :
In sorrow and joy the heart will collect
  Rich blossoms of thought priceless in worth.

The fruit of the earth in lands where the sun
  Year after year has held constant sway
Is parched by the heat, and ruin will run
  Its dire course whilst the rains are away.

The heart of a man, a stranger to grief,
  Unto perfection never can grow ;
Even from joy he must fly for relief,
  Or have love's fountain checked in its flow.

No flower of sweetness will spring from a seed
  Whilst it remains unsprinkled by rain ;
No blossom of love will joyfulness feed
  Whilst it remains unmingled with pain.

We welcome the rain lest the sun destroy
  Even by beauty, blessings of man ;
Then welcome the pain lest excessive joy,
  Blasting by rapture, confuse God's plan.

The buds of the flower well sprinkled by rain
  Teach a sweet lesson none can excel,
So great is their fragrance ; and will not pain
  Purify love and sympathy swell.

The sun and the rain must each play their part
  In the plan of God's marvellous whole ;
And sorrow and joy must play on the heart
  Perfection to bring down on the soul.

To the Children.

You say, dear children, I'm a tease,
  But, still, you know I love you much,
And would not willingly displease
  Or wound you with my playful touch.

I love too well your merry prattle
  Mingling with your joyous laughter;
For in life's severest battle
  You did oft my sorrow master.

And if I tease you, as you say,
  I know full well you like the fun,
For I ne'er tease except in play,
  Nor till I have your friendship won.

Dear little girls, I love the best,
  Because of sisters o'er the sea
Still living in the old home nest,
  Where they are wishful I should be.

A tease by them I was nicknamed,
  In happy days long, long ago;
But as a playmate I was famed—
  They all will tell you this was so.

Now, as in joyous days of old,
  I'm always teasing when at play,
But when I see you think me bold
  I give up teasing for the day.

I dearly love the name of tease,
  And thank you for the happy choice,
For home's familiar names well please,
  As echoes of an old-time voice.

And now, dear children, listen quietly to me
  Whilst I tell you a tale inspiring and true,
Why I have left my sweet sisters over the sea
  And come to this distant land to dwell with you.

I come, dear children, from the ancient Jewish race,
  A noble nation as old as old can be;
In annals of history it holds highest place,
  And I'm proud that I came from this old, old tree.

Of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob you have heard;
  Of Moses, the prophets, and King David's line,
And of the apostles who received the Word
  Direct from Christ Jesus our Saviour divine.

All these good men were the light of the ancient world,
  And truly the saintliest that ever lived,
For they the bright banner of our Father unfurled,
  And for the good of mankind earnestly strived.

Of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Jews do hear,
  But not of the apostles nor of the Word;
The patriarchs, Moses, and prophets they revere,
  But they do not believe in Jesus our Lord.

Do not blame them, dear children, because this is so,
  They are taught from their childhood Christ has not come;
And, being so taught, how can they possibly know
  Why He came and returned to His heavenly home?

I am told, you dear children,* are uncrownëd kings,
  And we know the Jews come of a kingly race;
Then always remember these marvellous things
  And treat Jews of your nation with princely grace.

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* American

'Tis only by treating them so that you can hope
To bring them from darkness to glorious light;
In great kindness with their unbelief you must cope,
Or you'll never be victors in the good fight.

For the Jews as a race are proud, worthy, and kind,
And love one another with wonderful love,
But doubt not in God's own good time we shall find
That He from their hearts unbelief will remove.

My sweet darling sisters are bright, pretty, and good,
And pray to God earnestly morning and eve;
But it grieves me to think I am not understood
Because I read about Jesus and do believe.

But my grief and my pain never last very long,
For all things are working together for good;
And thro' heart and thro' soul there rings a glad song
Now I know that on earth Messiah has stood.

And I ask you, dear children, to pray one and all,
For mother, sisters, and brothers over the sea,
Pray that upon them God's best blessing may fall—
The truth as in Jesus they gladly may see—

For I know they are sorrowful in my great joy,
Their fond hearts are bowed down in deep woe and pai
In my full cup of joy 'tis a drop of alloy,
And I pray to God daily they peace may regain.

CHAPTER IV.

"Inasmuch ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—MATTHEW xxv. 40.

"Use hospitality to one another without grudging."—I PETER IV. 9.

From your proud city I will go,
To where more kindly people dwell;
And if to you your faults I tell,
You may not welcome others so.

When wanderers among you stray,
Afar from home, alone and sad,
Good fellowship to advice add,
And waft their loneliness away.

Close not the portal of your heart
To those who linger in your land,
But when you clasp a stranger's hand,
O, Christian, act a brother's part.

Throw ope your doors to those who come
As pilgrims in the Saviour's cause;
The Friend of all the friendless wars
Against the selfishness of home.

Pride not yourselves on your descent
From those who are your nation's pride,
But pride yourselves when you have tried
To solace those whose hearts are rent.

Forget not our Redeemer came
To cheer the sad and save the lost,
Then look not closely at the cost
When you do kindness in His name.

As previously stated, I had gone to Philadelphia, because Americans in Australia had spoken so highly of it as being "The City of Brotherly Love and the fair City of Homes." These titles seemed to ring like music in my ears, and carried with them a bright hope of comfort in the sorrow inseparable from the severance of home and kindred ties.

I connected myself with the Church of my baptism, and in one way or another was introduced to scores of people. I had not gone there altogether unknown, and naturally expected some consideration. What was the result? During about two months residence in the city, no one called to cheer me in my loneliness, and only one gentleman with whom I had business transactions offered me hospitality.

I must not forget to mention that the assistant minister of the Church, whose duty it was to call upon strangers had severe illness in his family at the time, and one of the vestrymen did call on realizing my condition, but this was after I had protested against the inconsiderate treatment. Subsequently these gentlemen and their wives were very kind and sympathetic, and to the present time I count them among my most valued friends, but I left the city after a few days. The impression created on my mind was that people were regarding me with mingled curiosity and suspicion, which was most painful; and whilst they did not scruple to make inquiries, and give advice, and thereby must have learned I was a stranger in a strange land, they did not seem to realize it was their duty to display hospitality.

I will mention two circumstances that happened in direct contrast to this. On my way to New York from San Francisco, I became acquainted with a gentleman, and we travelled together to Philadelphia. Discovering that I was a Jew, he informed me he belonged to the same faith. On parting at the station, he handed me a card, saying he

should be pleased if I would call upon him. Whilst there I met another Jewish gentleman whom I had known the previous year in San Francisco; he also gave me a most pressing invitation to proceed to Boston on a visit to a brother residing in that city. These were the only two Jews I met at this time, and their offers of hospitality were characteristic. Unfortunately the coldness of Christians in Philadelphia is an example of what followed in other cities, with but few exceptions, in England and America—a conspicuous exception being a most loving reception from the good people of the beautiful city of Washington, D. C.

There are some friends we value much
  Because they make us feel at home;
Their hand-clasps manifest the touch
  Of sympathy for those who roam.
And those who roam have for such friends,
  A friendship which no words can tell,
But down upon the heart descends
  Home feeling to reveal the spell.

Perhaps there is no virtue quite as much neglected by really warm-hearted, faithful followers of our Saviour as the duty of hospitality, and it is a duty as binding upon the conscience as are the kindred virtues of truth and honesty. In the daily prayers used by the Jews the precept relating to it comes before that of attending to the sick; it being understood that few will neglect those who suffer physically, but the stranger, the sufferer of varied ills, is apt to be forgotten. The Scriptures abound in references to hospitality from the day when Abraham entertained the Angel of the Lord beside the oaks of Mamre, until the time when the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews refers to the circumstance in the words, "Forget not to show love unto strangers; for thereby

some have entertained angels unawares." (Hebrew xiii. 2.) R.V.

I was disappointed with the want of sympathy on the part of professing religionists amongst the Jews; but the disappointment was increased tenfold on realizing its failure amongst professing Christians. I will here say that the Jewish nature pure and simple, putting aside the question of religion, is more tender than that of the Gentile. But there is no character on God's earth so noble, self-sacrificing and sympathetic as a Christian who in all sincerity is endeavouring to live up to the teachings of our Saviour.

I cannot well express in language the weary heartache and home-sickness felt when as a stranger in a strange land, surrounded by hundreds of beautiful homes occupied by followers of our Lord, I have found hardly one of them thrown open to me even sometimes after delivering several letters of introduction. On festive days like Christmas and Easter Sunday it was especially trying, for I then recalled the social joys associated with high days and holidays among my Jewish brethren, when, after attending divine worship, good cheer and visiting were the order of the day. It is said, thought I, that Christians pay a very large sum of money for every Jew that is converted, but now they have one among them, they do not ask him to take a cup of tea, even on the most joyous days of the Christian year. Thank God, no root of bitterness ever sprang up in my heart in connection with this inhospitable treatment. The deep comfort of the Scripture, "And we know that to them that love God all things work together for good"—(Rom. viii. 28. R.V.)—sustained me under this as it has under far more trying circumstances, and as it does everyone who surrenders himself to do the will of our Father in Heaven. In those early days of unexpected trial, there was

danger that I should turn to the world for amusement; twice after my baptism I attended the theatre, but soon came to a definite conclusion that if I wished to enjoy my Christian life, or even remain a true Christian, it would be necessary for me to give it up for ever. Fortunately or unfortunately I know much of the evil, or temptation to evil, associated with certain worldly pleasures, and during my progress in Christian experience I have found it necessary to withdraw first from one, and then from another pastime perfectly innocent in themselves, but rendered dangerous by abuse or undesirable association. In surrendering these pastimes, I have realized a joy that far transcends the so-called sacrifice, *viz.*, the blessing of a quiet and peaceful conscience. We hear considerable talk of Christians going into the world for the purpose of purifying it, and this is their true mission; but Christians have no right to mingle with the world with the object of participating in selfish pleasure, nor can they do so without the loss of joy in their communion with God. Questions are often heard in religious circles, "Is it right to do this or that?" When such enquiries fall from the lips of those young in the Christian life they are perfectly reasonable, but coming from men and women who have professed to follow the Master for years, they appear almost childish. We are told not to judge others, but we can judge ourselves. Every man who accepts the Gospel as his guide cannot fail to know what is right or wrong. "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart." (1 John iii. 20.) It is only in the clear light of Scripture that the heart's exceeding guilt is made manifest to the mind of man; if we let the radiance of its brightness surround our inmost nature, every tendency to evil will become clear, and we shall turn from sin as from a deadly enemy.

On the other hand the Christian who has withdrawn from

selfish worldly pleasures should not be left in loneliness. The social instincts of the human heart do not wither up when we strive to follow in the footsteps of the Master; they blossom in greater luxuriance and beauty than ever before; the sweet light of love ripens and preserves them. The worldlings know and entertain their own; should Christians do less? Some good people advance an excuse for their failure in hospitality on the ground that they have been so often deceived. Dear reader, has a child of God ever suffered in doing a kindness prompted by the pure dictates of love for Him or his neighbour?

If it be unmanly to admit to a craving for sympathetic human society, I plead guilty to unmanliness, and the air is full of responsive echoes from the hearts of lonely men and women. In these references to social kindness I have never expected more than an occasional invitation to Christian home circles in the place of my residence.

Now I will make a confession. Often after residing some weeks or months in a place, and mingling with Christian people unnoticed as far as practical kindness is concerned, I have uttered my protest, and left generally without giving them an opportunity of displaying a better disposition—my pride preventing me accepting hospitality that has been asked for. I now believe this course to have been wrong, and am sorry. In future I will act differently—pride is one of the last vices to which a Chistian clings.

Thank God here and there one does meet a follower of Jesus who charms the stranger with a Christ-like sympathy and loving hospitality, bearing in mind that we are to do good to all men, especially to those of the household of faith. Dear Christian friends who have been kind to me, let me here tender to one and all my heartfelt thanks, love, and gratitude. If at times I have appeared ungrateful,

believe me it was so only in seeming, and not in reality; if at times I have appeared to seek my own good solely, believe me I have sought the good of others also; if at times I have appeared harsh in my judgment of others, believe me I have been harsher in my judgment of myself. But it is better to appear harsh than be untrue.

GRATITUDE.

Very ungrateful we oftimes appear,
  When far from ungrateful we feel,
To those who have striven in kindness to cheer
  The sorrows we could not conceal.

Remembering now some kindnesses shown,
  But left unrewarded by thanks,
We would to all friends our gratitude own,
  And face without blushing their ranks.

Misfortunes of life may sometimes prevent
  The payment of debts that are due,
But gratitude ne'er can be overspent,
  It flows and its flowings renew.

SYMPATHY.

The sunshine of sympathy shone on my pathway;
Now no blast of doubt can make me a castaway,
Nor can its chilling breath around my heart gather,
The sweet light of kindness dispersed it for ever.

Sympathy, thou art the homelight of wanderers!
Then, O stranger! O friend! be lavish squanderers
Of this exquisite grace, if to ye it is given;
'Tis the brightest of gems, 'tis the best gift of heaven.

In sweet odour of flowers true pleasure we find
As it floats on the air of the soft summer wind;
And courtly kindness of some we meet as we roam
Seems to waft o'er our hearts the sweet fragrance of home.

About six months after my baptism, I had an opportunity of meeting an assembly of Christians under the most delightful circumstances. It was at a kind of Home of Rest for Christian workers. Here, away from the cares and worries of everyday life, and amid delightful surroundings, every one appeared to draw close together in the bonds of brotherly love; mutual confidence and sympathy prevailed; a deep-rooted desire in honour to prefer one another made itself felt; and the sweetness of morning worship shed a ray of joy around the inner life that generally lasted throughout the day. To imply that absolute purity of thought prevailed even under these happy circumstances would not be true; but the sum total of gain in the onward course of the Christan life was great and evident.

What a calm and peaceful atmosphere pervades the homes of Christians who have a prayer service at the commencement of the day, especially when interspersed with a hymn or two. My experience applies only to homes where I have been a boarder; but the service appears to have the power of drawing out all that is best and noblest in one's nature, for even those who make no profession of religious belief feel its influence and become gentler and more considerate in their daily lives. What a pity the family altar is not raised in more homes.

A True Christian Home.

When roaming far from those we love, without a single friend,
'Tis sweet to find a dwelling-place where home-like feelings blend:
Where cheering smiles on every face, kind words on every lip,
Invite the lonely wanderer from joy's bright cup to sip;

Where young and old are drawn together, as by a hidden hand,
And where sad thoughts are charmed away, as by a fairy's wand;
Where sufferers are attended with every gentle care,
And where children are delighted when they are staying there.
In fact it is a dwelling where we all with truth can say—
We really do not seem to think we are from home away.
What is the potent power which brings about this grand result?
What is the hidden charm that bids each lonely heart exult?
Who can define the reason why those home-like spells pervade?
Why quickly from the wand'rer's mind sad thoughts recede and fade.
Why those who guide this happy home rejoicing always are,
And why so many friends they have residing near and far?
The potent charm, dear friends, is this: "It is a Christian home,
And bonds of love unite all hearts wherever Christians roam.
Each morn, and eve, we offer thanks and praise to Him above,
So this hallowed home-like feeling is born in Christian love."

CHAPTER V.

"The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, who can know it?"—JER. xvii. 9.

I have already mentioned what peace and joy I always found when attending the services in church, chapel, or prayer meeting. "I was glad when they said to me, let us go into the house of the Lord." (Psalm cxxii. 1.) This feeling has never departed from me, and I am thankful that, however lonely-hearted and low-spirited, I could nearly always depend on my despondency being wafted away upon entering the house of God. Occasionally, in the warfare of the spirit against the flesh, I have asked myself, Am I truly loyal to my profession? Then, remembering the words of St. John, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren" (1 John iii. 14), my heart has responded in the joyous certainty of acceptance with God, born in the knowledge that my happiest moments are those passed in communion with Him, or with His saints on earth. Many and glorious have been the victories of the spirit in the fight of faith; and though the flesh, the world, and the devil have occasionally got the upper hand, the defeats have been but temporary, though often severe.

Sometimes when winter has gone, and joyous spring-time is here in the full glory of its new-born beauty of bud and blossom, we are apt to forget the dreariness of the past in the surpassing loveliness of the present; but suddenly on the horizon of the sunny sky a storm-cloud will arise, and the heavens will be darkened. Then the flash of lightning, the crash of thunder, and the deluge of rain will be more terrible in their suddenness than any of the wintry storms. But when

it has ceased, whilst there may have been some sacrifice to the fury of the blast, the final result will prove that the elements have bestowed a boundless blessing on the children of men. The tender green leaves, bathed in the rain-drops, will sparkle like diamonds in the sunbeams; the flowers will rejoice in a thousand new tints of deepening colour; the straggling blades of grass will multiply and become a velvety lawn beneath our feet, leaving no barren spots for noxious weeds to thrive; the crops on the far-stretching, undulating lands and plains will strengthen and bloom; the fruit trees will ripen with the promise of an abundant supply; the hills and the vales, and the streets of the towns, will resound with the songs of the birds and the chirp of the birdlings; the air will be laden with the sweet perfume of countless opening buds, and, as we go on our way rejoicing, we shall consider it a pure delight to be simply living amid the countless blessings of nature.

And is it not somewhat the same in the early days of our Christian life, especially to those who have passed through a long winter of discontent and distress of mind? In the spring-time of our belief in the Son of God a thousand unknown shades of thought and feeling will awaken within the heart, and in new-born beauty the sweet buds of truth, love, and purity will burst into blossom beneath the benign rays of the Sun of Righteousness. But suddenly on the peaceful horizon of the soul's new life a storm-cloud will arise, then the thunder crash of selfishness, untruthfulness, or impurity will rage within the heart; the lightning flash of misunderstanding, intolerance, or persecution will search the inmost recesses of our being and test the strength of our faith, whilst amid it all a deluge of pain will descend upon our darkened nature. But we shall find, when the storm has ceased, that whereas much that we previously valued has been

sacrificed to the fury of the blast, the final result will prove that a priceless blessing has descended upon the hearts of the faithful. Our tenderest feelings, bathed in the tear-drops of pain, will sparkle with a thousand beautiful emotions in the clearer sunlight of faith; the straggling blades of sympathy will multiply, and become a soft lawn of lovingkindness within our hearts, leaving no room for the prickly weeds of selfishness; the tender fruits of righteousness will blossom with a rich promise of future joy; the sweet fragrance of the lives of innumerable saints, both above and below, will bless and purify the atmosphere of our inner lives; bright hymns of beauty in honour of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost will gladden our nature with heavenly melody; and, as we go on our way rejoicing, heart, mind, and spirit will burst forth in the exultant psalm of praise: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." (Psalm ciii. 1.)

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I will now refer to an institution for which I have a great affection and admiration, viz., the Young Men's Christian Association. If my limited experience qualifies me to judge, I should say it does more for the reclaiming of young men than any other religious body, unless we except the church. This remark applies, of course, to the waifs and strays on the sea of life, who, otherwise, perhaps would never have heard the truths of the gospel, but are now enabled to hear young men of their own age and condition of life testify to its mighty power.

Since first leaving home I have travelled about eighty thousand miles, by land and water, in railway carriages, on stage coaches, on steamers, etc., with all classes and conditions of men, and I have arrived at the conclusion that most men are under the influence of their immediate

surroundings, and these surroundings generally tend to evil. When away from home, even those who have had a good training will succumb to the many temptations that beset them if they are not exceptionally strong-willed or are relying on a higher power for strength. I am, therefore, from experience, enabled to appreciate the immense influence for good exercised by the Young Men's Christian Association. I believe there are many thousands of young men who are to-day leading a pure and holy life who would be wallowing in the depths of degradation but for this institution. Often I would have been forced, in the very despair of loneliness and home-sickness, to seek amusement in places of bad repute, had it not been I always found a warm welcome at these rooms. Christian boys, away from home, frequent these rooms and you will be helped to keep the words of St. Jude 20-21: "But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost. keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."

Then, again, it is an institution where Christians of every denomination meet on neutral ground, and are enabled to enter into fellowship for the purpose of spreading abroad a knowledge of the Gospel without the spirit of true brotherhood being disturbed by the discussion of doctrinal differences. During five or six years of Christian experience, I have looked closely into many of the doctrines that exercise control over the minds of various bodies of Christian believers, and have found numerous brethren, in their desire to prove what is absolutely unproveable and virtually unessential, allow the hard letter of scripture to overrule the tender spirit of love, upon which, as the true milk of the word, we should nourish our unsatisfied souls. Among every body of believers I have met good and true men with whom it has

been a delight to hold spiritual intercourse. It is impossible to see eye to eye with all; but should we judge others by any sign except the rule of the fruit of the spirit.

It is not my intention to refer herein to my spiritual struggles in reference to doctrinal points, nor to my experiences at the various theological seminaries I have attended. To many of the professors I owe a debt of gratitude for kind assistance given in my search after truth. The burden of anxious study and other trials often led me into what must have appeared erratic courses to those knowing comparatively nothing of the workings of my mind in changing from one seminary to another, but, withal, the benefit derived from my association with the different institutions has strengthened me intellectually, morally, and spiritually. My heart goes out in love and gratitude to many of the professors and students met in my wanderings, and to one and all who remember me I send hearty fraternal greetings, with an earnest request that they will throw the cloak of charity over all my shortcomings.

* * * * * * *

One of the pleasantest experiences of my Christian life was a visit to Mr. Moody's Bible Conference at Northfield. I will quote some passages from a letter addressed to a friend immediately after :—

"On arriving at South Vernon Station, I found no difficulty in getting a conveyance, and, after enjoying a pleasant ride through the green country lanes, I arrived at Northfield about four o'clock.

"The schools are delightfully situated, comprising four halls some distance apart, each one being built on rising ground, and commanding a glorious view of the surrounding country. Looking from either of these halls, we distinguish

in the distance the mountains, with the clear blue sky arching above. Drawing our gaze nearer, it rests on undulating ground, which gradually sloping forms a valley, where we discover the river threading its sinuous course through a scene which, showing a little of man's handiwork, looks serenely peaceful and as charming as could be found in any part of God's grand universe.

"All the bed-room capacity being taxed to its fullest extent, I was compelled, with two other gentlemen, to occupy a room in one of the cottages. I subsequently discovered we comprised a trio the like of which I do not think could be found sleeping in one bed-room in any other part of the globe, viz., a Protestant clergyman, a converted Roman Catholic priest, and myself, a converted Jew. But whatever struggles and distresses of mind we may have passed through in our past lives, all through the grace of God, having been brought to the light of the glorious truth as it is in our Lord Jesus Christ, and feeling within that blessed peace which passeth all understanding, were as merry and light-hearted as school-boys enjoying a summer holiday.

"Before leaving Northfield, I realized the height of human happiness. Without all around seemed to breathe an air of perfect calm and contentment, and within heart and soul were singing a joyous song of peace and good-will to all men.

"My inner life, for some years, had been one of constant tumult. I was searching for something, I knew not what. In going to Northfield, I discovered the great secret. A few months ago, when I accepted the Lord Jesus as my Redeemer and Saviour, I thought I had mastered God's full plan of salvation for sinful mankind; but I had failed to realize there was a third Person in the Holy Trinity, the blessed Holy Ghost, whom Christ himself said I will send

unto you. At Northfield, I was taught, by the grace of God, that it is only under certain conditions we can hope for the blessing of the Holy Spirit, viz., an entire self-surrender and consecration to Himself, and that it is not every one who accepts Christ as his Saviour who receives this supreme blessing. Having, I believe, conformed to all conditions, I feel I now possess this, and am able to understand the words of Jesus when he says, (John xiv. 16): 'And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another comforter that he may abide with you for ever;' and, (John xvi. 20): 'Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.' I stand in a foreign land, separated from those I love best on earth, and from the innermost depths of my heart I can say, O God, thou hast not left me comfortless. I cannot but believe that God in His own good time will bring my beloved ones, who I know are mourning my absence, to the light of the glorious truth, and then we shall be reunited. May I ask your earnest prayers that this, best of all blessings, may be speedily granted them."

* * * * * * *

I thank thee, O God, that I have beholden
Fair Northfield the bright, Northfield the golden,
For here we are taught salvation's bright story,
Here floats Thy banner golden in glory.

All bathed in the sunlight it floats on the wind,
Bringing the beauty of Christ to the mind;
And hearts by its message are filled with delight,
As souls from their darkness turn to the light.

Fair Northfield is blessed by the Spirit of Love
Sent by our all-gracious Ruler above;
Thus, whilst we study salvation's bright story,
We bathe our souls in sunlight of glory.

Come hither, O Christians, now powerless and weak,
You will be taught how the blessings to seek;
Come, Christians, who carry a burden of pain,
You will be taught how sweet peace to regain.

Come hither, O doubters, from ends of the earth,
You will receive a new spiritual birth;
And come, ye transgressors, o'er-weary with sin,
You will be taught how the victory to win.

O come, all who know not why Christ lived and died,
All who, not knowing, His Godhead denied;
Come ye and study salvation's bright story,
And bathe your souls in sunlight of glory

TO FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

Dear Father, I give thanks to Thee,
For Thou hast been most kind to me;
The oil of gladness Thou hast shed
Abundantly upon my head.

I fret no longer in the night,
Nor see dark shadows in the light;
For from the morn till morn again
Thy peace and joy with me remain.

Dear Saviour, I give thanks to Thee,
For Thou hast been most kind to me;
The oil of gladness Thou hast shed
Abundantly upon my head.

I know that Thine own gracious hand
Will guide me on the sea and land;
And whether friends be far or near,
Thy love my daily life will cheer.

Dear Spirit, I give thanks to Thee,
For Thou hast been most kind to me;
The oil of gladness Thou hast shed
Abundantly upon my head.

It was Thy bright, soul-lighting ray
That cleared the clouds of doubt away,
And, in my daily fight with sin,
Helps me the victory to win.

CHAPTER VI.

"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."—ROM. i. 16.

RETURNING HOME ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

We lounge at ease upon the ship,
And see the merry wavelets skip,
Or break into a foam;
We watch the rainbows in the deep,
The sunbeams form as spray-drops leap,
And talk of "Home, sweet Home."

We thus recall the pleasant ways
Of many happy bygone days;
Then full rigged see a bark
Sail onward, like an eagle free,
Across the sunlit summer sea,
And all its beauties mark.

The wavelets clap their hands aloud
Beneath the snowy banks of cloud
In ceaseless monotone.
Above our heads the lifeboats tower,
Our only hope in danger's hour
When on the sea alone.

At games of shuffleboard and rings
Awhile the merry laughter rings
Of lasses and of lads;
And oft the cadence of a song
Is borne upon the breeze along,
And to enjoyment adds.

Our noble ship ploughs through the deep,
And cuts, in its majestic sweep,
A pathway sure and true;
Whilst on the deck the young and old
In chat their future plans unfold,
Or dear old times review.

For some are *nearing* "Home, sweet Home,"
And some in foreign lands will roam
And Europe's glories see;
But all rejoice that weather fair,
Permits our quickly speeding there,
Across the sunlit sea.

We lounge at ease—a friend and I—
And watch the bark and sea and sky,
And talk of earth and heaven.
May we not hope our words may bear
Good fruit into each future year
That unto us is given?

I returned home after an absence of nearly three years; paid a second visit two years later, and returned to England finally last year. Each visit has been made under increasingly happy auspices. One of the principal thoughts in my mind in the early days of my Christian life was, Shall I remain faithful?—not to my belief in Christ (for nothing could shake this), but faithful to His teachings in respect to everyday conduct. In the very early days after my baptism, when on the mountain-top of spiritual joy, I thought the power of sin was broken for ever, but soon came to realize the truth of the words of Jeremiah, xvii. 9, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." The fear of doing something to disgrace my profession weighed heavily upon

me; but I gradually came to realize that He who fights for us is stronger than he who fights against us.

I might say that during my wanderings I had travelled around the spiritual and natural worlds, and had explored the regions of gloom and realms of glory; having been deep down in the depths of gloom, and risen to the highest altitude of joy. (Compare the lines at the top of this chapter, written during my last voyage home, with those written during my first voyage to Australia.) What was the secret of the change? Simply this—I felt at peace with God. I realized that He had made a provision for mankind whereby all may become reconciled to Him, however low they may have sunk in the depths of sin and degradation. This is an open secret to all who read His word in a spirit of prayer and contrition for past sins. O, men, men, why do you devour the bitter herb of scepticism and unbelief by reading ribald literature, when you can feed on the sweet fruit of faith, hope, and love by accepting His revealed Word? One is dead sea fruit; the other is the sweet honey of the promised land. One is the deadly upas tree, which will poison while you eat; the other is the pure manna of the wilderness, supplying every want. Why surround your immortal soul with cypress—emblem of death and the grave, —when you can illuminate it with "the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star," symbol of light and life? Why take the devil, who is ostensibly leading you by the rapturous paths of pleasure only to wreck you on the barren shores of despair, when you can take the Saviour, who, even if He takes you by the valley of long-suffering, will lead you finally into the promised land of everlasting joy? You who are dead in your sins can only be quickened into life by God's Holy Spirit. Go on your knees and pray for an understanding heart. One moment of honest repentance

and the prayer "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke xviii. 13), and all is forgiven. Be your faith but as "a grain of mustard seed," it will ripen into the fruit of the spirit, which is "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Will all these witnesses come suddenly? No! They will only come to remain if we feed on His word and do His will. Shall we never lapse into sin? Yes. Many and many a time when we least expect it. It is only by constant watchfulness, by avoiding the occasion of sin, and by availing ourselves of the Christian's means of grace that we are enabled to gain the victory. "But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more into the perfect day." (Proverbs iv. 18.) "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous and He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." (1 John ii. 1, 2.) O for words to pourtray the joy of serving God under grace, in contradistinction to serving Him under law! What holy felicity exists in the knowledge that whosoever will may wash away his sins in the blood of the Lamb, and thereby worship God "in the beauty of holiness"! All who accept Christ in sincerity will testify that His spiritual kingdom is truly one that "floweth with milk and honey, and that all its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace."

On each successive visit to London, my relatives, near and distant, gave me the most loving of loving welcomes. Most of my old friends and companions also received me kindly; but few turning away without shaking hands or recognizing me with a friendly nod. I called on many at their offices, and visited several at their homes. That there was a difference in their manner is not to be denied. How

to describe it I cannot; the alteration was probably more on my part than on theirs. They remained the same; with me old things had become new. The pleasures I formerly delighted in had no longer any charm for me, and consequently few invited me to their social gatherings. My dear mother was perfectly willing that I should remain at home, and follow my own religious ideas, on two conditions —viz., that I made no mention of them, and refrained from attending church. Under no conditions would I consent to the latter, as it is my chief joy; and in respect to the former, events were constantly occurring which prompted me to speak of the hope within that sustained me, and we finally concluded it would be for the happiness of all if I again left home. That my action in following out my religious ideas had not lessened their love was evidenced by the kindly consideration displayed by one and all during my visits, and also on parting, when I came away laden with presents. My visits were also satisfactory in another respect: they lessened the grief of my dear mother and sisters, inasmuch as they proved I had not forfeited the regard and esteem of my old friends; however much they disagreed with my conclusions, they gave me credit for having acted conscientiously, and proved this by their reception. Naturally, as one displaying the banner of the Cross on all seasonable occasions, I had my struggles and irritating disputations; but the exercise of love and patience enabled me to retain their good-will, without the shadow of a sacrifice on the altars of expediency or untruth. If I have not won my Jewish friends for Jesus, the Messiah, I believe I have won from some for His sweet name, as the gentlest and noblest of men who suffered unjustly, a tender and sympathetic regard. They acknowledge that He was a good man and a prophet, but not the Son of God the Messiah. Those who argue the

question cannot understand the immaculate conception, forgetting that with God nothing is impossible. The wonder of Christ's birth is not so great to the human understanding as the marvel of the births of Adam and Eve. "The Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul. . . . And the Lord God said, It is not good that man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him. . . . And the Lord caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man, and he slept; and He took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib, which the Lord God had taken from the man, made He a woman." Gen. ii. 7, 18, 21, 22. These are the words of Moses the great Lawgiver and servant of God; every loyal Jew accepts them in the fullest possible faith; why then should we refuse to believe the record of Matthew, another great Jew, who thus writes concerning the birth of Jesus?—"Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When His mother Mary had been betrothed to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost. And Joseph her husband, being a righteous man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily. But when he thought on these things, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son; and thou shalt call His name Jesus; for it is He that shall save His people from their sins. Now all this is come to pass, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Lord through the prophet, saying, Behold, the virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call His name Immanuel; which is, being interpreted, God with us. And Joseph arose from

his sleep, and did as the angel of the Lord commanded him, and took unto him his wife; and knew her not till she had brought forth a son: and he called His name Jesus."—Matthew i. 18—25. (R.V.)

As a Christian, I cannot bear too lovingly and tenderly with my Jewish brethren in their rejection of the glad tidings of the Gospel, when I read the words of perhaps the greatest of all Jewish Christians, and one who wrote by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost to Gentile Christians thus:—"For I would not, brethren, have you ignorant of this mystery, lest ye be wise in your own conceits, that a hardening in part hath befallen Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in; and so all Israel shall be saved: even as it is written, There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer; He shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob: And this is My covenant unto them, when I shall take away their sins. *As touching the Gospel, they are enemies for your sake: but as touching the election, they are beloved for the fathers' sake.* For the gifts and the calling of God are without repentance. For as ye in time past were disobedient to God, but now have obtained mercy by their disobedience, even so have these also now been disobedient, that by the mercy shewn to you they also may now obtain mercy. For God hath shut up all unto disobedience, that he might have mercy upon all. O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgements, and His ways past tracing out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been His counsellor? or who hath first given to Him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of Him, and through Him, and unto Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen." (Romans xi. 25-36. R.V.)

Relatives and friends, accept my love and greetings. I

love you, because you love me, but above all I love you for your sympathetic Jewish hearts, and by the power of this love my voice will always be raised in defence of our dear old race should occasion demand. "Home, sweet Home": no words sweeter except Christ Jesus. "Home, sweet Home": I never realized the charm of thy beauty, with all its love and confidence, until I had contrasted it with the coldness and distrust of strangers. Mother and sisters, beloved, beloved, never doubt my love, never doubt my anguish for the sorrow I have caused you, but I was without hope, feeling condemned in the sight of God; our mutual love could not give me peace, and I had to purchase it at the sacrifice of your loving, tender hearts, by accepting our Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, who lived, was crucified, and was raised from the dead as a propitiation for our sins, and through Him, and Him only, have I hope of being justified in the sight of the God.

The Flowing Fountain.

Unto the fount of Gospel truth to drink a sinner came—
It did recall, so rumour said, a gentle Saviour's name—
And here he found the water flowed of God's forgiving love
To purify the cloke of sin that man so often wove.
The water deep he drank until he felt its healing might
Had cleansed his soul from guilty stains, and washed the crimson white;
For he had heard a tender voice repeating words of love,
In tones of winning kindness from the golden realms above.
The gentle voice most earnestly was pleading, "Come to Me:
The righteous I came not to call, but sinners—even thee.
I came to earth to help and save each weak and erring soul;
Believe, repent, reform, sad one, my strength will make you whole."

"I will believe, repent, reform," his soul responsive cries;
And then "Well done," in joyous tones, a still small voice replies.
The water deeper still he drank, in conscious, pure delight,
And found the fountain brilliant with the soul's life-giving light;
And then the radiant light revealed a sea of perfect rest,
Where gentle winds blew pure and sweet from mountains of the blest.
His bark of life serenely moved over this glassy sea,
No longer tossed on waves of sin, his faith had set him free.
An air of joy then urges him the gladsome news to tell
To brother, sister, stranger, friend, his soul is saved from hell;
The hell on earth, the hell beyond, now gives no piercing pang;
The serpent still may hiss and hiss, but powerless is its fang;
And far and wide this gladsome news he joyfully has spread,
That to this flowing fountain weary sinners may be led.

CHAPTER VII.

"Behold, at that time I will undo all that afflict thee: and I will save her that halteth, and gather her that was driven out; and I will get them praise and fame in every land where they have been put to shame. At that time will I bring you again, even in the time that I gather you: for I will make you a name and a praise among all people of the earth, when I turn back your captivity before your eyes, saith the Lord."—ZEPHANIAH iii. 19, 20.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee"—PSALMS cxxii. 6.

I will now refer to the circumstance which, next to the struggle with sin in my own heart, has been the most painful experience of my life, viz., the prejudice against the Jews. It is my desire in the following pages to bring before the mind of the reader the Spiritual and National Aspects of the Jewish Question, as they appeal to my mind.

Humanly speaking, two great causes exist why more Jews of the present day are not won for Christ: First, Because the Hebrew Christians have allowed themselves to be absorbed into the nations amongst whom they dwell, instead of remaining separate, and standing before their own race as living representatives of the truths of the Gospel—proving it by the beauty of their lives—and have thereby failed to follow in the loving and zealous footsteps of St. Paul, who, although he was an apostle to the Gentiles, always went first to the Jews, and who at various periods of his Christian life wrote: I am a "Hebrew of the Hebrews" (Philippians iii. 5); "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren my kinsmen according to the flesh." (Romans ix. 3); "Brethren my heart's desire and prayer to

God for Israel is that they might be saved" (Romans x. 1). The second great cause is the Gentile Christians have so misused God's ancient people during the last eighteen hundred years, thereby making the terms Christianity and brutality synonymous in the Jewish mind, rendering it exceedingly difficult for a loyal son of Judah to believe in the love and saving power of the name of Jesus.

Never since that glorious day of Pentecost, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, in the far-off holy city of Jerusalem, when three thousand Jews acknowledged Christ and were baptized in one day, have the opportunities of preaching the Gospel of glad tidings to our Jewish brethren been so bright and promising as in the present year of our Lord 1892. The almost universal sympathy that has been evoked in our English-speaking lands for the sufferers of the Russian persecutions has awakened a responsive echo of love in the hearts of God's ancient people for English-speaking Christians, rendering our position an exceptionally favourable one when we approach them and relate the sweet story of the life of Jesus and His surpassing love for humanity. God forbid we should be so blind to the signs of the times as to let these grand opportunities pass neglected by! In respect to the Christian Jews, no one will presume to say that, as a community, we have that persuasive and winning influence amongst our contemporaries, Jew or Gentile, our birthright, as descendants of the first-born bearers of the Light should command. Is it not because we are not true to our profession as followers of the lowly, meek, and gentle Jesus? Are the criticisms we hear concerning ourselves just or unjust? Personally, I would say they are unjust, if we judge ourselves in comparison with other bodies of professing Christians; and undoubtedly just if we judge ourselves by the pure light of the word of God. Reforms are needful,

which I hope and pray God will give us wisdom and grace to acknowledge, understand, and develop. We are predisposed to criticise our Gentile Christian brethren—and justly—for their treatment of our own race: can we consistently expect them to listen patiently to us, or can we confidently expect to speak with power and blessing from on high, until we have first cast the motes from our own eyes, and surrendered ourselves more fully to the influence and guidance of the Holy Spirit?

Many circumstances conspire to make our position especially difficult. We are living on English soil, whereas most of our number come from foreign lands; and beyond this, the fact remains that far too many have made but little progress in the fragrant paths of the kingdom of grace, and numberless unlovely shades of thought and action are constantly appearing in our lives, proving old non-Christian habits still have dominion over us. Kindly bear with me, Hebrew Christian brethren, when I say emphatically we are not sufficiently zealous in our striving after the higher life. We may not compare unfavourably with other bodies of Christians, especially after making allowance for the peculiar circumstances of our position; but considering our Jewish training gives us an intuitive knowledge into the deepest truths of the Scriptures, our lives do not display those beauties of character which are the inevitable fruit of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Let us not judge ourselves by comparison with others, but by the infallible teaching of the word of God! Let us one and all determine by the grace of God to grow more and more into the fulness of the likeness of our beloved Master, in the joyous assurance that by the aid of the Holy Spirit we can throw from our hearts, minds, and souls the shabby garments of worldliness, jealousy, and self-seeking, and reclothe our new-born natures in the

bright robes of meekness, love, and holy service! Let us one and all strive to be truer to God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—truer to our own best selves, and truer to humanity. Then the glorious opportunities that are ours will not be neglected, and whether God gives or withholds the increase, we shall have a holy joy on earth born in the knowledge of duty well and faithfully done, and in the great day of departing the blessed assurance will be ours of an abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven.

The lines below embody the strength of my love and desire for the fellowship of Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. They were written when labouring from distress of mind consequent on having been betrayed into an equivocation :—

O Truth, sweet Truth, I love Thee
  Intensely in my soul;
Though o'er my darkened nature
  Sin-laden storm-clouds roll;
Shine forth, soul's light, in splendour,
  Throw ope thy gates of gold,
And in a bright arising
  Thy beauties all unfold.

For Truth, sweet Truth, I love Thee,
  As in the days of yore;
"Life-giving way and Leader,"
  I love Thee more and more.
I loved Thee in my childhood,
  And through my sinful youth;
I love Thee now my nature
  Is burdened with untruth.

O Truth, sweet Truth, shine clearer,
  Dispel the clouds of sin;
The midnight gloom is over
  Now Thou hast dawned within.
My soul is lit with glory
  By Thy resplendent ray,
But all my nature darkens
  Beneath deception's sway.

Oh, Truth, sweet Truth, shine ever
  Within this heart of mine;
Let not the sin-born shadows
  Eclipse Thy orb divine.
As spotless as the angels
  My soul still craves to be,
For I would reign in glory
  With them, sweet Truth, and Thee.

Cannot I truly say I have believed all my life in Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life? I said formerly, I believe with a perfect faith the Messiah will come. Now I say, I believe with a perfect faith He has come and is coming again. There is only one Messiah, *viz.*, Jesus, who is the same yesterday and to-day and for ever. Come again quickly, dear Lord!

In what follows, I wish especially to prove that the Christian Jews are as truly loyal to their own race as were the noble Maccabeans in their glorious days in far-off Judea, and to win the love of Gentile Christians for God's ancient people. Although writing of the race I most love, I wish it to be distinctly understood it is not the only race I love. As a follower of the Lord Jesus, I am constrained to a feeling of lovingkindness for every nation on God's grand

universe. In Christ Jesus spiritually there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female—we become one. National boundaries are obliterated, and national traits and peculiarities should harmonize beneath the benign influence of our common Scriptures, which in their highest teachings emphasize the universal brotherhood of mankind Therefore, whether we stand on English or American soil, or whether we stand on the soil of the Holy Land, no fear of what man may think should prevent us speaking out boldly when our object is the development of the highest virtues in the minds of those to whom we speak, viz., the virtues of love and charity. I hope, dear reader, you desire the universal spread of God's kingdom of love among the nations of the earth, and, assuming this to be the dominant desire of our hearts, we shall readily agree that each should strive within the scope of his opportunities to remove every obstacle that tends to prevent this most glorious consummation of our Saviour's work.

Various excuses for inattention are made when anyone comes forward and attempts to point out to the Christian world its failure in duty in any particular direction. One class of people will observe, "You know there's a great deal of the old Adam in us yet"; and this class will be found not only willing to excuse their own faults, but will also allow the delinquencies of others to pass without protest; and many will still be considered good Church members, if not good Christians. A second class will retort by saying, "But you cannot expect to reform the whole world and overcome the prejudices of centuries"; and after expounding on the difficulties of the undertaking, they will wind up by saying, "And if you show yourself overzealous, you will not only render yourself objectionable to the majority of people, but will probably ruin your health in

the effort also." This is usually said in the kindest of tones, and with the best of intentions; and is, unfortunately, in the main only too true. A third class will answer you in harsh terms, and say "You have no justification for your complaints." A fourth class, and this a much larger and better one, will excuse themselves by various pleas; and even when you succeed in getting them to listen to you, they will speedily dismiss the subject from their minds, although it may have the most vital influence on the success of the cause they profess to have so dearly at heart. These excuses for inattention and various other difficulties confront nearly every man who comes forward and attempts to stem the torrent of passion, pride and prejudice, of neglect and indifference, which, even within the bounds of the Christian Churches, appears to prevent the spread of the pure Gospel of our Saviour. Now, in making these assertions, I do not wish to imply the old Adam is dead within my own heart, because God knows and we all know that, if we are striving faithfully to lead the Christian life, we have to fight daily a hand to hand conflict with the powers of evil, and it is only by avoiding the occasions of temptation and availing ourselves of the Christian's means of grace that we are enabled to overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil, and I would not presume to indite these pages were I not supported by the joyous assurance from the indwelling of peace within my soul that the sins of my past are washed away in the blood of the Lamb.

A deep-rooted prejudice is the stumblingblock that far too many Gentile followers of our Lord place in the way of God's ancient people coming to a knowledge of the truth of the Gospel. They nourish their spiritual natures on the milk of Jewish thought, and then turn and rend the hearts of the descendants of the men who, by the

grace of God, gave expression to these thoughts, forgetting that Christ Himself said, "Salvation is of the Jews" (John iv. 24). There is no room for bitterness in the heart of a Christian, but there is room for sorrow and indignation; and as I recall the attitude of the so-called Christian world toward the Jew for so many centuries, I can only qualify my feeling as being one of sorrowful indignation.

That England and America in these latter years have acted a noble part in protesting against the Russian atrocities I rejoicingly admit; but that the Christians of England or America are doing their duty to the Jews I must fain deny. Most of my Christian life has been spent in the United States, and I was seldom in a company of Christian people there without hearing derogatory remarks concerning them. Now I can never forget that my late lamented father, my beloved mother, sisters, and brothers, and most of my old friends and companions belong to the dear old race, and when I hear disparaging remarks applied to its members they wound me as much as if applied personally. I have mixed with Christian people all my life. My boyhood days were passed almost exclusively at Christian schools. Being fond of sport, I have been constantly associated in various pastimes with Christians in all classes and conditions of life, and it was not often after youth had passed away that I heard slighting remarks applied to my own people; but having heard much of this talk during the first few months of my Christian experience, I threw back my memory to a period when, living in a country town in England, it was sometimes necessary, in consequence of boys calling after my brothers and myself, for our parents to send an escort with us to school. I remember what a feeling of bitter resentment I had toward those boys and how I used to chafe at my inability to punish them for their unjust and cowardly conduct, and as I recalled this feeling

I determined, as God would give me power, to raise my voice in behalf of the race I most love.

*Even many ministers of the gospel fail to realize how much the Christian world, by the grace of God, owes to the Jewish race. Often I have heard from the American pulpit words referring to them that have made my blood boil with indignation, realizing as I do the injustice thereof. I might enumerate many painful instances. One that made a great impression on my mind was the following: One Sunday I was at a Congregational Church, and the preacher in his exhortation to the congregation, calling them to repentance, brought to our notice the cucifixion of our Saviour, and went on to describe how the Jews had been a bye-word and reproach ever since, and he emphasized the word Jew with an infinitude of scorn. I cannot recollect his words, but they made a most painful impression on my mind, and must have led many of the ignorant and illiterate among the congregation to believe they were justified in persecuting the Jews as a fitting punishment for the crucifixion; but he forgot to remind them that Christ had prayed "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." (St. Luke xxiii. 34.) It is an episode in the life of Christ often used by ministers as an illustration when calling sinners to repentance, and they apply an argument somewhat after this fashion: They picture to the congregation the scene at the trial of Jesus leading up to the crucifixion, and then go on to say, "If you refuse Christ you are like to the scoffing Jews that stood before Pilate, when he asked them, 'who will you have, Jesus or Barrabas?'" And then they continue their exhortation. Now, as a follower of our Saviour, coming from the Jews, I protest against this argument. While not wishing

* These remarks would not apply in the same degree to the preachers of the Gospel in England.

to excuse the Jews of that day, we must all admit that those who stood before Pilate had not the light of the gospel to guide them as the Gentiles of the present day have; and even His chosen disciples, until He had risen from the dead, lost faith in Him. If the Jews of those days were guilty, the guilt of the Gentiles who have the gospel preached to them in the present day is increased a hundred-fold. Should a Jew stray into church and hear a minister expound the gospel thus, it would wound his tenderest feelings so painfully that he would probably never enter again. Some ministers appear to forget that if "scoffing Jews" did surround the cross, noble, self-sacrificing Jews were our Lord's disciples, and were chosen by Him to preserve the gospel for them.

After the service I sought an introduction to the preacher and told him how pained I had been at his remarks. He naturally disclaimed any intention of wounding my feelings, and promised to be more careful in the future. How correct I was in my conclusion was proved the next day, when, on calling on another minister who had been in the church, he immediately referred to the circumstance, and said how sorry he was I had been present.

The occurrence led up to another episode. On the following Sunday the minister who had preached came to dine at the boarding-house where I was residing; during dinner he, with great want of tact, led the conversation up to the subject of the Jews, and commenced saying all manner of kind things concerning them, but unfortunately many of those present took a different view, and after listening quietly to the talk for some time, I had to turn to the company and say, "Ladies and gentlemen, you will please excuse me interrupting, but the conversation is most painful as I have Jewish blood in my veins."

At a Teachers' Bible Class, held at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association in Cleveland, the minister narrated particulars of a scene he had once witnessed, where a young Jew, who was riding in a car, on being insulted, slunk back trembling instead of resenting the indignity. He then went on to imply that the Jew of to-day was lacking in courage and would calmly submit to brutal contumely in nerveless fear. I was present and at once rose from my seat and protested against the insinuation because I know from personal experience that the assumption is an unjust one. Thank God there are still living Jews who are able and willing to defend the honour of the old race when occasion demands, and that there was ever a time when this was not so I do not believe. Search the records of the centuries. Do they not bear irrefutable attestation to the indomitable courage of the Jewish race? Testimony alike to the resolute, unconquerable, silent heroism of patience amidst a despair so dark that not one ray of hope could penetrate its black barrier except the glorious one of a final restoration to God's favour, which no true Jew has ever abandoned, and the fearless, lion-hearted bravery which enabled them to face death without flinching, though often associated with a series of tortures that the most devilish ingenuity could devise, inflicted by the professed followers of Him who was the embodiment of love.

The reverend gentleman, whom everyone speaks of as being a noble-hearted Christian man, repudiated the intention of disparaging the Jewish race, but the whole tenor of his remarks conveyed this impression. All through the lesson my heart was in a tumult of revolt against his teaching, because I knew that if the teachers instructed their Sunday school scholars according to his explanation it could not fail to create in their minds a feeling of dislike for the

Jewish people. It appears to me to be the refinement of cruelty for Christian ministers to expect Jewish followers of our Lord to listen to them when their ears are constantly assailed by bitterly unchristian statements, and I assert that, if they cannot avoid offending God's children, they are not fit to teach His holy word. I am sorry, for it is painful to be compelled to apply these remarks to a sincere, self-sacrificing follower of our Lord; but being noble-minded in other respects makes this failure more conspicuous. Many true-hearted followers of our Lord appear to think the Jewish people are undeserving of consideration. Christ said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." (Matt. xxii. 39.) The word neighbour in their vocabulary cannot be used in the sense He intended. The American people point with pride to the heroes of the Mayflower, and with them I say, all honour to those noble men; at the same time I would ask everyone to remember that with the Jew for nearly nineteen centuries it has been one continuous voyage like unto that of the Mayflower, a ceaseless moving, moving, moving—seeking a haven of rest.

Allow me to depict a scene of which I was a witness. We had been playing a cricket match at the Duke of Westminster's Park, near London. The day had been a pleasant one, and we were returning home in high spirits and full of good fellowship when one of the young men belonging to our opponent's team, or a stranger, commenced singing a song containing facetiously insulting remarks concerning the Jews. A brother of mine was sitting beside the singer and requested him to stop, at the same time telling him the reason for the demand, and on the foul-tongued traducer refusing to comply, he brought his good right arm into play and finally brought the despicable slanderer to silence. I do not think I ever loved my brother as much

as I did at that moment, not even when he had once suffered severely when protecting me from an assault. I say again, thank God, there are still living Jews, possessed of a pride of race and animated with a like courage that inspired the ancient heroes of the nation, and who would rather suffer death than submit calmly to insult.

Mr. Moody, during one of his services at Louisville, related the following story: "A young minister in a new charge preached against whisky; some members came and said, Don't go on about whisky, some of our best-paying members are in the business. And then he took up gambling, and was told to let that alone; several members rented property to gamblers. The young preacher asked, What shall I preach against? Preach against the Jews, there's none of them or their friends here, was the reply."

Whether this is a true story I cannot tell; I suppose Mr. Moody would not have related it without foundation, but this I can affirm from my own knowledge, many ministers, perhaps unconsciously, fan the feeling of dislike the majority of their congregations have for the Jewish people, instead of endeavouring to smother it by the influence of kind and loving words for a noble race whose patience has been unfathomable, whose courage has been unconquerable, whose suffering has been unprecedented, and whose belief in a restoration to God's favour is unabated. Nearly all American ministers of the Gospel are guilty of the sin of omission in respect to the just claim the Jews have on their sympathy. When they appear before the great white throne to give an account of their ministry, it is one of the charges they will have to answer that, having failed in the quality of love for God's ancient people, they kept countless souls from a knowledge of the Lord Jesus.

Many will recall to mind the refusal of the proprietor to

admit members of the Jewish race to a certain hotel at Saratoga, which movement is unfortunately spreading. Two years ago in one mountain district, a summer resort for tourists, nineteen hotels were closed against the Jews, "No Jews admitted here" being posted above the doors of some of the houses. I was staying at a "Christian Home" in the district, and on the Sunday, after divine worship in the morning and a service of song in the evening, an elderly *Christian* gentleman drew his chair near mine and commenced expatiating on the beauties of the place and its advantages as a summer resort, winding up by saying, "And you know no Jews come here," as a superlative advantage. Did he not stultify his own judgment in speaking without an introduction to a stranger who happened to be a Jew? On my taking him to task, he expressed regret; but would he not have been truer to his profession, if, instead of avoiding, he sought the company of God's ancient people as opportunity offered, and so let his light shine, even if it involved the sacrifice of a little personal comfort? I freely admit that many Jews, especially in America, where they have flocked from Russia and other regions of persecution and grown suddenly rich, are very objectionable in their manners; but Christians should pity, not blame, remembering that however great their worldly possessions may be, they are without life's divinest wealth, viz., the possession of the Gospel. "As concerning the Gospel, they are enemies for your sakes; but as touching the election, they are beloved for the fathers' sakes." (Rom. xi. 28.) Objectionable ways do not belong exclusively to the Jews; the whole nation should not be condemned for the faults of a certain number.

There is another fact I will refer to here—the way in which the Jews are referred to in the prayer service on Good Friday. If they are to be mentioned at all, God's ancient

people are worthy of a special prayer. Once I said to a young evangelist, "Will you remember the Jews in your prayers occasionally?" He answered, "Oh, yes, I often pray for the heathen."

After speaking to the students at Oberlin College on the question, one came to me and said, "Mr. Levy, you are quite correct in your statements. A few weeks ago I was in a room with five or six strange young men in the town where I preach every week. I commenced speaking to them of God's word, and discovered one was a Jew. After some conversation, I asked him to come and hear me preach; thereupon he told me he had been several times to the church, but hardly ever without hearing something to pain him as a Jew, especially from my predecessor. I promised to be more careful in the future; and subsequently he attended, and gave me some money for my poor people." Bishop Penick of Louisville, during my visit to that city, invited the Jewish residents to hear him speak. After the service one Jewish lady was so delighted with the spirit of lovingkindness displayed that before leaving the church she likewise gave him a donation for the poor.

The ladies of the city of Cleveland gathered into the Friendly Inn Mission over one hundred and seventy Jewish children with the laudable desire of raising them spiritually and intellectually. May God bless them abundantly in their good work. Several of these ladies stated to me that at one time they had a feeling of dislike toward the Jewish people, but since doing this work a new joy had come into their lives, and that they had come to like the children. This feeling was reciprocated; but one day some of the children went to two of the ladies, and asked them to say they were not Christians; when they had satisfied them they were followers of our Lord, the children

asked whether they were paid to be kind to them. They evidently could not understand how it was that Christians from a feeling of disinterested love were displaying good-will. According to the confession of the ladies, and numerous other Christians with whom I have conversed, the opinion of the children was a justifiable one. Ought we not to bow our heads in sorrow to think that it is possible, in this nineteenth century and in a Christian land, that followers of our Lord should be asked by little children to deny Him because they were displaying the quality of love, the very virtue which above all he had come to teach? And ought not Christians to blush with shame until they have made every effort to remove this black blot from the Standard of the Cross?

A Christian gentleman once said to me, "You know it was the Gentile dog for a long time, and then it became the Jew dog." This remark will account for the enquiry of the children. Suppose, for example, a dog has been living in your neighbourhood, and you have been ill-using him for a considerable time; suddenly your conscience awakens to the fact that you have been acting cruelly, and you then endeavour to atone for your brutality by kindness; it will be a long time before you persuade the dog that you are sincere. Now the Christian has been ill-using the Jew for centuries, even to the present day in some countries, and they have lost confidence in us, therefore it will require an extra display of lovingkindness before we can hope to prove the sincerity of our efforts toward a reconciliation.

One Good Friday night I attended a prayer meeting at a Cleveland church. After the meeting had been thrown open, seizing a favourable opportunity, I made an appeal to the congregation that a greater degree of Christian love be shown toward their Jewish fellow-countrymen. When I had

taken my seat the two ministers connected with the church, in a very noble spirit, confessed that at an early period of life their feeling for the Jewish people had not been one of unmixed love. When the service was over, a goodly number of the congregation came to me, and, while confessing to a like disposition, stated that they would endeavour in the future to cultivate a more Christ-like spirit. Is this not a fair example of nearly every Christian congregation?

Reflection may reveal the fault
And quickly bid explain;
The Christian mind, in full revolt,
Denies the wish to pain.

I will relate one other experience. I was staying in a house where nearly all the inmates were professing Christians. An eminent divine was announced to give a short talk on his European experiences and travels. In the course of his remarks he related an anecdote concerning the late Earl of Beaconsfield, a Jew who lived and died in the Christian faith, and referred to him as having the blood of the impenitent thief in his veins. It is true he was quoting what some one else had said, but for a minister of the gospel to relate such an anecdote to a company of professing Christians was, in my opinion, most condemnable. He should have remembered our Lord Jesus Christ had Jewish blood in His veins. The story was related, I believe, for the purpose of raising a laugh. Incidents similar to this tend to widen the breach between Jews and Christians, and thus retard Christ's kingdom of love.

Now, I think, it behoves every man, in whatever part of the globe he may be, to take notice of, and, when occasion demands, to protest against anything being done or said that

tends to bring into ridicule or contempt the race from which he springs. It occasionaly happens that people err unconsciously or through inadvertence, but the obligation to draw attention to the fact is none the less imperative, as it is only by so doing that we can hope the transgressors will refrain from offending in the future. As a Christian coming from the old race, and therefore as a representative of a very small minority, it would be cowardly if I did not come forward and protest in the strongest terms against the injustice done them, " My brethren after the flesh," and this feeling revives with renewed force when I remember the transgressors are so often professing Christians. When a person offends in the heat of passion, or through inadvertence, and afterwards expresses regret, no one is more willing to forgive and forget than myself. But when offensive remarks in reference to one's nationality or religion are made in cold blood, I assert they redound to the discredit of the utterer, because they display an extreme narrowness of mind and a profound bigotry.

As a follower of the Lord Jesus, as a searcher of the Scriptures, and realizing the debt the Christian churches owe to the Jewish race, my heart rebels against the injustice done them. I believe America enjoys the rare distinction of being able to say, as a nation, " We never persecuted the Jews," and in my opinion the prosperity the nation enjoys is partly explained by this fact. I do not desire to repeat history, but have we not found in all ages God's promise concerning the seed of Abraham—" I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee" (Gen. xii. 3) fulfilled in its integrity? I am also aware it was prophesied that the Jews should be "a scorn and a by-word." This has also been fulfilled in its entirety. But it never was God's purpose that the followers of our Lord should be the

ones to revile "His brethren after the flesh," and when they do this I believe they do not escape punishment. I ask the American people to be true to their boast in spirit and in deed when they aver, "We never persecuted the Jews," and in being so to remember there is a persecution worse even than physical suffering—that is the wounding of the heart's tenderest feelings and sympathies.

When speaking on the subject, I am sometimes told prejudices exist all over the world— for instance, between the Chinese and Japanese, the French and Germans, and sometimes even between the English and Americans. Now, whereas all prejudices are wrong, from a Christian standpoint, the prejudice of the Christian to the Jew inflicts by far the deepest wrong, because it carries with it a spiritual injustice. The first-named prejudices inflict a national sting from which much of the poison is withdrawn in the knowledge of a national independence; the last-named not only carries with it the spiritual wrong, but inflicts a national sting wherein the poison remains, for every loyal-hearted Jew remembers he is without a country and a government, and that he is regarded as an alien and with a feeling akin to aversion in almost every country where he is located, not even excepting our liberty-loving, English-speaking countries; and whereas it is sometimes said the Jew has a prejudice against the Christian, there is in reality no corresponding feeling of aversion in the Jewish heart. Anti-Jewish prejudice confronts the Hebrew at every stage of his career, and it requires almost the force of genius in the individual to overcome it. Are we to imagine there is no bitterness in the position? If we answer in the negative, we proclaim ourselves novices—nay, dunces—in one of the best and grandest of all studies, the study of human nature. I am sometimes told the Jew brings much of the prejudice upon

himself. Well, viewing the facts of the case in the light of experience, and judging as between man and man, or nation and nation, I must emphatically deny the assertion, and in one aspect it is especially cruel. I refer to the suffering it inflicts upon the little children. My heart bleeds when I remember how often their tender, innocent young hearts are wounded during their school days by the unkind remarks of their fellow-scholars, thereby destroying for the more sensitive much of the sweetness of childhood, for they are then too young to realize the solace derived from a knowledge of their noble ancestry which comes in later years as an ever-present inspiration to every loyal-hearted Jew who is worshipping God in sincerity and in truth. Little Jewish children, it is on you the bitterness chiefly falls, but lift up your hearts and sing a song of gladness, for brighter days are coming for our dear and grand old race.

We hear considerable criticism of the Jewish methods of doing business, and to a certain degree this is just; but when we consider how often the nation has been brutally robbed and spoiled, should we wonder that a spirit of retaliation springs up in the hearts of some, leading them into courses which, under happier circumstances, they might shrink from? The victims of persecution abound in every country, and they carry the memory of their wrongs even to the lands of the free and the brave. But even in respect to this criticism there is to a certain extent a good answer, although I wish it to be distinctly understood I admit to a vein of deceit in Jewish nature; the fault has been ground into us, as for nearly eighteen centures in almost every country we had to be cunning to live. During my residence in America I was once conversing with a banker who has a very sincere regard for our nation. I said "Mr. —— will you kindly tell

me candidly your opinion of your Hebrew clients." "Well, Mr. Levy," he said, "they are very difficult to do business with; they beat you down almost to the last cent" (or words to that effect). I then said, "Do you have as many failures amongst your Jewish clients as amongst others?" After some consideration, he said "No." I then asked him if he analyzed his Jewish business, would it be less profitable than the non-Jewish. Again he considered for some time and finally said, "It would be more profitable." "Then," I said, "Ought you not to give the palm to the Jewish methods? Your shareholders expect you to return them a good dividend consistent with honest trading, and the carefulness of your Jewish clients—carried perhaps to an excess at times—admits of your doing this: is it not better in the light of results than the reckless, happy-go-lucky trading of others?" "Well, Mr. Levy," he answered, "I never looked at it in that light before." Are not industry and sobriety the chief factors of Jewish success in trade?

I willingly admit there are few characters less lovely than the Mammon-worshipping, pleasure-seeking, godless Jew, but even he is deserving of our sympathy when we remember that the light of the glorious truth of the Gospel is hidden from his eyes.

We hear considerable criticism of the excessive display in dress made by the race, but all should recollect it has the glow of eastern sunlight in its blood, which craves for an exuberance of beauty in form and colour. You will hardly ever find a Hebrew, however refined or cultured he or she may be, who has that fine touch of reserve upon which many English gentlefolk pride themselves. But I ask in all simplicity and earnestness, "Is not this fine touch of reserve only too often another name for a callous coldness, an implied superiority, or an unbecoming inhospitality which defaces

beyond recognition the Christ-like image of love which is man's greatest inheritance and noblest adornment?" Christ said (Matt. xi. 29.), "I am meek and lowly in heart." Can we truly say we are likewise?

It is most unfair to compare the uneducated Jew with the educated Gentile. Is it not true that the lower class of Hebrews are better behaved than the lower classes of the fellow-countrymen of other beliefs? I will endeavour to illustrate this by relating a circumstance that befell a connection of mine. Whilst visiting a sea-side resort where a number of Jews congregate every summer, he was resting on a seat, near two other gentlemen. One turned to his friend, and, pointing toward the sands, observed, "How conspicuous the Jews make themselves!" My cousin overhearing the remark, addressed the speaker, and said, "You will excuse me interrupting, but I am a Jew." The gentleman at once apologized for having said anything that could be construed into an insult and asked pardon. My cousin gladly granted this, and requested permission to make an explanation. He said, "You see those people," pointing toward the group that had drawn forth the remark, "They are the lowest class of the Jewish race; they are kind husbands and fathers; they are industrious and sober, and have saved their hard-earned money for the purpose of giving their wives and families an outing. It is true they are making themselves conspicuous by their loud talking and tawdry finery, but, after all, is this not comparatively harmless? Now compare them with their fellow-countrymen occupying a similar position, and, I ask you, 'Are they worthy of condemnation?'"

I would observe that I believe the educated Jews also compare favourably with their Gentile fellow-countrymen, because, knowing the criticism to which they are exposed,

they are extra careful to avoid attracting attention, except it may be in the matter of over-dress.

I will illustrate another phase of their lives. Whilst I was residing in Sydney, Australia, a new divorce law was being argued before the legislature. The Bishop of Sydney, in the course of a sermon, made reference to the Mosaic law concerning the subject. The Chief Rabbi residing there took exception to his interpretation, and in the course of his remarks said: "I would not have referred to this bill in my public capacity, as I do not consider that as a Jew I have occasion to interest myself in the divorce laws of our country. I have had charge of this congregation for a period of more than twenty-five years, and during that time, of all the couples I have married, only two divorces have occurred, and one of these couples was reunited." I am quoting from memory, but this was the substance of his remarks. From all one hears I should say that the majority of Jewish marriages are superlatively happy compared with those of Gentiles. Here, as in other places, I would carefully distinguish between nominal Christians or Gentiles and true-hearted followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. In no home is there as much peace, purity, sympathy, self-sacrifice, temperance, contentment, and joy as in the true Christian home.

Allow me to give one illustration concerning sobriety. In an Australian city there are two clubs: one composed of Jews, with a sprinkling of Gentiles; the other composed of Gentiles, with a sprinkling of Jews. The Jewish club gave a dinner, paying so much per head. Soon after the Gentile club decided to have a reunion, and applied to the same caterer to provide. He gave his price per head, which was found to be in excess of that charged to the other club, and complaint was made. His answer was, "But you know they are Jews, and drink very little wine."

The Jews have their national vices, whereof some have developed to a very high degree—gambling, an excessive love of money, and unchastity among the unmarried men, which is partly accounted for by the fact that they are without the teachings of the New Testament; but the women are probably the purest in the world.

Allowance should be made for the love of money with the Jew. For centuries he was cut off from every national aspiration, and generally from every noble ambition: he could not be a patriot, a statesman, or occupy any office which tended to dignify human life, as viewed from a social standpoint. Compelled to live within a restricted radius, he could not possess land, and only by the most cunning devices was he enabled to retain in any form the wealth that was honestly his. Money became to him the open sesame of every good and perfect worldly gift he was permitted to enjoy as a member of a despised and outcast race. To a certain extent he became degraded in thought and feeling. But by whom was he degraded? To their everlasting shame and disgrace, by the so-called Christian nations of Europe, who, by the grace of God, owed him so deep a debt of gratitude. The exuberant energies of Jewish nature were compressed into two deep rivers of feeling, love of home and love of money. The love of home deepened his love of money, because it was only through the medium of its power that his children could escape somewhat the ignominy of their position. The past was full of glory; the distant future full of hope; the present full of gloom. Money was his immediate saviour, and he loved it with an inordinate love. From infancy he had to fight a stern battle with the world; the exercise of suffering strengthened his nature, and on arriving at manhood he was more than a match in fair fight with his competitors in the battle of life.

That which he gained by the power of skill and perseverance, he was accused of obtaining by foul means. He was taunted with being a member of a nation of cheats, whereas he was in reality a member of a nation of victims, which for centuries had been spoiled in every land. Regarded from a human standpoint, no race was ever more unjustly punished; never did the innocent suffer so severely for the sins of the guilty. What better testimony has any nation given to their disinterested worship of God? Home, family, friends, money—all were willingly sacrificed rather than embrace the hated Nazarene doctrine. Yet we are accused of being a mercenary race! If the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, then, truly, has the Jewish nation scattered the goodly seed far and wide, and proved God's witnesses even in their afflictions. Their testimony of suffering has been more potent in the spread of Christ's kingdom on earth than the blood of all the Christian martyrs. "Give me in a brief sentence the best testimony to the truth of God's word," was once asked by a great ruler. "The Jews," was the reply. Even so, fellow-Christians, the Jews to-day in their dispersion, preach God's word eloquently. Therefore pity, not blame, suffering Jewish nature; and in analyzing their faults, remember their virtues of love and charity.

We not infrequently hear the term, "The thin-skinned Jew." An English Missionary who had spent over forty years amongst the Jews of Eastern Europe, in a recent address, very aptly compared the Jewish nature to the sensitive plant. He said, "You can win a Jew with a look, and repel him with a handshake, however paradoxical the latter may seem." This is perfectly true. The Jewish nature has become so bruised by centuries of suffering that it quivers with pain at the slightest evidence of ill-will, and

throbs with joy at the merest token of good feeling on the part of a stranger to his faith. The Jews usually present themselves to the stranger in the very worst light, as they are absolutely without reserve. Living so much together, they have become like one large family; and the inner life of almost every Jewish home is well known to the community. Comments and criticisms of one another are made in Jewish circles to a degree that would be considered absolutely rude by Gentiles; and whereas they easily take offence, they almost as freely forgive. In this respect are they not acting more in the Spirit of Christ, who bade us forgive our brethren seventy-and-seven times, than many of His professed followers, who if you offend them once, never give you an opportunity of doing so again? Here, again, allow me to distinguish between nominal and true Christians. But how difficult it is even for loyal-hearted followers of the Prince of Peace to forgive in the sense that God forgives when He puts our sins behind His back as far as the east is from the west, and remembers them no more. I have had a tremendous struggle in this respect myself.

Each Christian has to pardon much,
To be forgiven more,
Before he has the Christ-like touch
Sent from the golden shore.

It is said that mediæval and modern history contains no conspicuous instance of ingratitude on the part of a Hebrew; whilst he is proverbially grateful for kindness shown. One of our English writers truly states that "Every country has the Jew it deserves." England doubtless has the best Jew because she deserves him, and in the coming glorious days of our race its leaders will probably spring from British-born Jews, whose characters have been built up in the bracing atmosphere of English liberty, and nourished in the sweet

light of charity that beams from the Sun of Righteousness. Thank God, amid all the prejudice that has existed in our dear native land, noble-hearted Christian men and women have worked grandly for the spiritual and social welfare of God's ancient people, despite many discouragements; and it is their leaven of love that has prevented the deadly poison of prejudice working its destructive influence. All have doublessly realized the truth of God's promise, "I will bless them that bless thee."

It is sometimes said that Jews have a prejudice against Jewish Christians. This is unfortunately true, and whilst deprecating, I can, nevertheless, understand and sympathize with the feeling. Allow me to repeat what I said in the preface: "Personally I have always had a most kindly feeling toward almost everyone; but I recall the time when a very tidal wave of loathing would surge through my heart toward a Jewish convert to Christianity, submerging in its overflow of repulsion the noble feeling of tolerance, the only beacon in the passion-tossed sea of human nature to warn us where to steer clear of the cruel rocks of bigotry off the sullen coast of religious fanaticism upon which so many of God's children have been wrecked, but whereon the love-light of mercy never shines. Ought it to be a matter of wonderment that a Jew, knowing nothing of the sweet teachings of Jesus, and being entirely ignorant of the fact that the New Testament was written by Jews, should regard with aversion one of his own race who becomes a Christian, when we remember how cruelly the race has been treated by the professed followers of Jesus during so many centuries? It truly seems that he has gone over to the ranks of the enemy, and has become in the vilest possible sense an apostate and a renegade."

Another word in respect to the position of the convert.

Perhaps there is no position more difficult to fill with credit and satisfaction to all concerned than that of a true-hearted Hebrew Christian who is loyal to his own nation, and will not bow to Gentile Christian prejudices. In the first place the very foundations of his social life are destroyed. Then the leadership of Hebrew Christian work is in the hands of Gentile followers of our Lord, who, however lovable and talented they may be, fail to understand the workings of the Jewish mind, and thereby commit far too many mistakes. On the other hand numerous converts have been only too glad to hide their Jewish birth; whilst those who have most freely proclaimed it have failed as a body to endear themselves to their Gentile brethren in faith; some because they were never converted, and others because enough allowance has not been made for their foreign extraction and Talmudical training. It is the common lot to make mistakes and be misunderstood; but errors that are recognized should at once be rectified, however much our reputations for consistency may suffer at the hands of those who do not know the workings of our minds. Mistakes on the part of loyal Hebrew Christians are very pardonable, if not persisted in, because the changed circumstances of our lives render a consistent walk very difficult. Socially the average Hebrew Christian receives scant honour even from those who take the greatest interest in his spiritual welfare. Recently one of the leading and most respected Missionaries connected with the largest society working for the conversion of the Jews told me that during about twenty years service not one of the committee had ever honoured him with a social visit, or invited him to their homes. For several months I was a constant visitor at the chief mission hall of another large society, but never once met a member of committee. Jewish brethren, you believe we become Christians from unworthy motives; do

you think, in the light of these circumstances, we receive a superabundance of consideration from our new-found friends, even though they love us, as many do, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ. Nevertheless, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." (Rom. viii. 28.)

We Jews, who believe in Jesus, are often told that in making this confession we cease to be Jews; but this is not so, we simply crown our Judaism, and do not forfeit our birthright as faithful sons of Israel. The Lord Jesus was the noblest and most tender-hearted Jew that ever lived, and loved our nation with a surpassing love; and, as He was, so were His Jewish followers, the writers of the New Testament, and so are all true believers now. As St. Paul, a Roman citizen and a Christian, was none the less a Hebrew of the Hebrews, so I, likewise, as an English citizen and a Christian, am none the less a loyal son of Judah. I am proud of being an Englishman, but I am prouder still of being an English Jewish Christian, for this is the noblest birthright to which a man can aspire, linking, as it does, the greatness of the old with the greatness of the new. I love England, our own dear native land, with all my heart and soul. I love her language and her literature; I love her pastimes; I love her hills and her valles, and all her fair undulating lands bordered by her wave-washed shores; and, if it were needful, I would shed my blood in defence of these shores. But I love Palestine with a far, far deeper and more consecrated love, because this is the land of my fathers; it is the land of promise; it is the land of Israel's hope and Israel's glory; it is the land where for the most part God made known His will concerning mankind, and where Jesus was born and lived and taught, and from whence He ascended on high; and as such it is the land which links earth with

heaven. As an Englishman, my native land is free; but, as a Jew, the land of my fathers is in bondage. As an Englishman I am a citizen of a country which is the head of the nations; but, as a Jew, I am a member of a nation which is the tail. As an Englishman I rejoice in the prosperity of England; but, as a Jew, I sorrow in the desolation of Palestine. As an Englishman I would bend my knee to Her Most Gracious Majesty, our beloved Queen Victoria, the life-long friend of the Jews; but, as a Jew, I would bend my knee to no one except the Lord God of Israel, and His Son, Jesus, our Messiah.

Worshipper of God, I ask you, by the sacred memories that cluster around the Holy Land, to work hand in hand with our Father in Heaven, and strive with a constant, earnest, loving endeavour to redeem it from its present desolation. Every true-hearted Jew longs with an unutterable longing for that great day when the Lord will turn back the captivity of Israel, and when our Fatherland, now lying barren and waste, will again blossom as the rose, and flow with milk and honey as in the glorious days of old. Especially do the Christian Jews look forward with unbounded hope and joy to this bright future, as ushering in the period when they will again see eye to eye with those to whom they are bound by a thousand tender recollections of loving affection and service, but from whom they are now separated in thought and feeling by a vast gulf, which will only be bridged over when they look upon Him whom they have pierced, and proclaim the glad tidings of Messiah's reign.

Man of Judah, when a contemptuous thought arises in your mind concerning your brethren who in all sincerity believe in Jesus, the Messiah, hush! be silent! bury the thought deep in your heart, for in giving utterance to it you

wound those who are sorrowing, inasmuch as for conscience sake they are exiled from home, and separated from all those sweet influences which are essentially the charm and solace of human life, especially when associated with a true and faithful worship of God; consider that you, yourself, are a member of a suffering race, and therefore a hostage to sympathy and compassion. Give honour to whom honour is due! The Christian Jew battling beneath the banner of the Cross, for God and humanity, with the all-conquering sword of love, ever loyal to the best traditions of his nation, stands often singlehanded facing the enemies of his race, strong in the certainty of the favour of Almighty God, remembering that one Jew has ere now put a thousand to flight, and two ten thousand. True-hearted men of Judah, withhold not your love and fellowship from the loyal sons of our race who find spiritual peace and joy in confessing to their faith in Jesus, the Messiah!

No, in becoming followers of the Lord Jesus, we do not forfeit our birthright as loyal sons of Judah! Personally, my love for my Jewish brethren has always remained deep and strong, and during my Christian life I have ever worked faithfully for the welfare of our dear and grand old race. Single-handed I have endeavoured to stem the torrent of prejudice that is so wide-spread and pronounced. On land and sea, with no friends near to encourage me by their cheers, with no banner above to inspire me with its presence, and often with the iron deep in my soul, I have fought faithfully the battles of the Jew. I now recognize that the only way to improve the condition of our race is by the assertion of our manhood in the express determination to regain Palestine, our own dear Fatherland, where our children may dwell in safety and breathe the sweet air of freedom without the fear of gibe

and taunt, believing that the expression of this determination will turn jest into praise and gain for us the admiration and help of every liberty-loving nation, and prevent the unborn generations of Jewish children suffering as our fathers have suffered.

Our land is in the hands of a foreign power, although God has promised we shall again possess it. He has in every age made use of man to carry out His purposes, and will continue to do so. Therefore, every faithful student of Scripture who desires to fulfil in his earthly life the commands of God contained therein should ask himself the important question, "What would He have me do?" and having arrived at a definite conclusion, with the courage born of faith in His almighty power, go forward in the path of duty, even though it leads to death. No intelligent student of Scripture can doubt it is God's purpose we shall again possess the Holy Land. Every true-hearted Jew indulges this hope, and expresses it very clearly when he says on the night of the Passover, "This year we take it here, but next year we hope to take it in the land of Palestine." When we recall how literally Scripture has been fulfilled in the history of our past, and is being fulfilled in our present condition, we can rely with absolute certainty that the prophecies concerning our future, with all their bright promise, will be brought to a glorious consummation in God's own good time, which I believe to be near at hand. It was the radiant hope contained in these prophecies that sustained our fathers in the past, and enabled them to bear with resistless fortitude during so many centuries the bitter suffering inflicted through the vindictive persecutions of their oppressors.

As concerning the present, millions of our race are undergoing most atrocious misusage. The inhuman Czar

of Russia and his brutal advisers are scattering our children to the four corners of the earth under circumstances of almost unparalleled cruelty. Are we powerless to prevent their sufferings? When a child transgresses against the laws of the home, he deserves punishment; when a man transgresses against the laws of society, he deserves punishment; when a monarch or ruler trangresses against the laws of humanity, he deserves punishment. The Czar and his advisers are acting as merciless tyrants in their cruelty to the innocent. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." (Romans xii. 19.) But as God makes use of man to fulfil his purposes, I would willingly be an instrument in His hand to punish this arch enemy of our race. He has treated with contempt the missive of protest signed by Englishmen of every shade of opinion, and is continuing his policy of persecution. As an unrepentant transgressor against the laws of God and humanity, he has proved himself a servant of Satan, and every sympathizer with the innocent sufferers, and every lover of righteousness, should rejoice if he were rendered powerless for further evil. God grant he may speedily repent and make reparation as far as possible to the victims of outrage, spoliation and shameful insult, or be rendered impotent to continue his crusade of cruelty. As Christians we are commanded to love our enemies, and, as far as possible, to live at peace with all men. If they are acting wickedly, we can display no greater love than by rendering them powerless for evil, and thus prevent them steeping their souls in greater guilt; when we spare the guilty, we punish the innocent.

English and American Jews, do you forget in your present comparative freedom and happiness that millions of our race are still like unto slaves—persecuted, mocked, robbed, spit upon, outraged and killed? As you recall the centuries of

suffering of our scattered nation, have you had no moments of anguish; and, as the scalding tears have fallen, has no despairing cry ascended on high, "O God! O God! and shall it be ever thus?" has no passionate wave of love for national liberty ever surged through your heart, sweeping away every petty personal ambition, and urging you to strive to emulate the glorious deeds of ancient Hebrew heroes? or can it be that centuries of exile and suffering have destroyed the inspiration drawn from patriotic pride which can alone unite a nation and carry it forward to victory? Do you forget the glorious history of our past, illumined as it is, by the mighty deeds of the most illustrious men the world has ever known, and crowned as it was by the special favour and friendship of God? Do you forget they are the voices of our fathers that have come ringing down the centuries as the only true revelation of God's purpose and His power, teaching men sweet lessons in faith and hope and love, and as these voices go surging on, must I add that to the sweetest of the teachings and the purest of the tones your ears are ever closed? Do you forget our nation has produced an Abraham, the father of the faithful; an Isaac and a Jacob; a Joseph and a Moses; a Samuel and a David; a Daniel and an Isaiah; a Peter and a Paul; a John; and, ah! the beloved Son of God Himself? "The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner." (Ps. cxviii. 22.) Should we blush because we are Jews? Nay! rather should we not exult? remembering we come of the race that was born to be the leader in the vineyard of the Lord? Why then are we not still the leaders? It is because our fathers rejected and instigated the crucifixion of the Messiah. For this great sin—not the sin of the crucifixion, but refusing to accept Christ's atoning sacrifice—we have been scattered and have become a

scorn and a by-word amongst the nations of the earth. But He who scattered us has promised He will again gather us, and get us praise and fame in every land where we have been put to shame. We are accused of being a nation of cowards; but no, no, ten thousand times no, this is not true! Thank God, the noble spirit that animated Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the first dispersion, still survives in the bosom of the children of our race, and keeps alive that old fragrant blossom of bravery which has presented to the world its only nation of martyrs. Let us arise in our might and prove this to the world. But first let us turn to God in penitence and in prayer, and ask Him to endow us with power from on high. This blessing He will not withhold if we ask for it in sincerity and in truth, and when it is granted we shall be carried along victorious upon the resistless wave of His almighty favour until we are once more established in triumph in the land of our fathers, where we shall again become the head of the nations, as is promised in His most holy word.

Therefore, remembering the manifold wrongs our race has suffered during so many centuries; having regard to the barbarous persecutions of to-day in Russia, and to the deep-rooted prejudice that is borne towards us in all lands, not even excepting our fair, liberty-loving, English-speaking lands; and bearing in mind that Turkey has now closed Palestine, the home of our fathers and the Land of Promise, against us, do you wonder that the depths of my nature are stirred into rebellion and cry out in patriotic unison with every loyal Jewish heart?

Whydo I hear on every side
  These words of jest and scorn;
They wound me with a pain untold,
  For I a Jew was born.
Yes, I a Jew was born, and hark,
  I proudly this proclaim,
Revilers of the ancient race,
  Though I partake the shame.

Yes, I partake the shame, because
  No effort have we made
To wrest our land from Turkish rule,
  'Tis said "We are afraid";
And can it be that we, the sons
  Of Israel's ancient line,
Are truly so? It would appear
  Unless we make a sign.

Let us again our Standard raise,
  And rally all the brave:
Ye brave in every land and clime
  Once more our Banner wave;
Let us unite in stern resolve
  Fair Palestine to gain;
The ancient Home of our dear race,
  Shall be its Home again.

Fair Palestine! Fair Palestine!
  My love goes out to thee,
And I would shed my heart's best blood
  To see our nation free;
Yes, free to settle in thy vales
  And on thy hills and plains,
Where all could hear our children sing
  "Sweet freedom's blessing reigns."

No longer sit in pampered ease,
  But for sweet Freedom strike;
For many of our ancient race
  To Pharaoh's slaves are like:
They are reviled and spit upon
  In lands across the sea,
And still their wrongs unrighted go,
  This shall no longer be.

This shall no longer be if we
  Can kindle ancient fire,
The fire of faith in God, our King,
  To lead us and inspire.
Ye men of Israel bodly rise
  And spread afar the cry:
"For Palestine! For Palestine!
  We strike and win, or die."

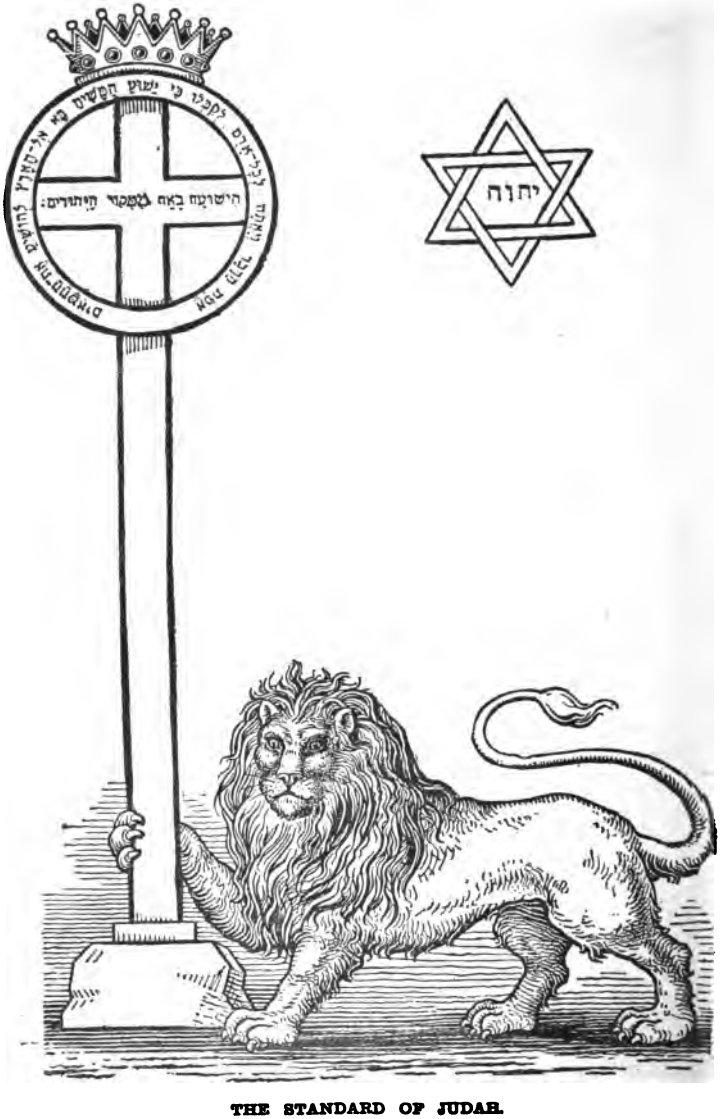
On my return from America with these thoughts deep in my mind, I placed my views before some of the leading Hebrew Christian workers in London, which resulted in the formation of the Christian-Jews' Patriotic Alliance, the following manifesto being issued :—

THE CHRISTIAN-JEWS' PATRIOTIC ALLIANCE.

The Christian-Jews' Patriotic Alliance has been formed for the purpose of working for the Spiritual and National interests of the Jewish Nation. Jews who believe in the Lord Jesus, the son of David, the Messiah, do not lose their nationality: they remain Jews in the truest and broadest sense. The spiritual and national life of the loyal Hebrew are inseparably linked together: he cannot be truly spiritual without having an undying love for the land of his fathers. Racial love and pride are strong amongst God's

ancient people; but Christian-Jews in common with Orthodox, Reform, and other Jews, have hitherto not sufficiently cultivated national feeling. The members of our Alliance, recognizing and deploring this fact, promise faithfully to be true in the future, by the grace of God, to our national spirit. We affectionately beseech the prayers, sympathy, and hearty co-operation of all sincere worshippers of God in our efforts! Our hearts are bowed down with sorrow over the present desolate condition of our nation, the more so because it is a punishment for the rejection of the Messiah; we pray for the peace of Jerusalem, and hope for a speedy re-occupation of the Holy Land by our suffering people, as the only happy solution of the Jewish question, believing that soon after this event the Prince of Peace will come in glory to save all Israel from their enemies and their sins, and to usher in His Millennial reign.

Therefore, looking upon Palestine as our fatherland and future happy home, we raise our Standard in the name of the Lord God of Israel and His Son Jesus the Messiah, with the joyous assurance that the Holy Spirit will guide us in all our movements. May the Ensigns of England and Judah always wave in unity, peace, and love, and may the time speedily come when all nations shall be united under Christ's banner of universal love: for then God's kingdom will come on earth as it is in heaven.



THE STANDARD OF JUDAH.

THE STANDARD OF JUDAH.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee."—*Psalm* cxxii. 6.

A herald's voice around the world
  Proclaims in trumpet tones,
"A Jewish Standard is unfurled
  The Son of David owns."

'Tis Judah's Lion, dear Ensign,
  Waves bravely in our sight;
And we true Sons of Israel's line
  Are marshalled in our might.

The glory of our risen Lord
  Beams brightly on our way,
As deathless love from His sweet Word
  Emits its matchless ray.

It lights our Standard with a glow,
  No earth-born shadows dim,
Which will for everlasting flow,
  For we are true to Him.

Then on Jerusalem's dear wall
  We'll plant our colours yet,
Whilst those who 'neath the Ensign fall,
  Our Lord will not forget.

For in old Salem, our good King,
  The Prince of Peace, will reign;
And Millennial blessings bring
  When Satan's hosts are slain.

I hope my readers will acquit me of any desire of courting vainglory in publishing these workings of my heart. God knows I value little the empty admiration of my fellow-men. I have realized too keenly in my own experience the vanity and vexation of spirit connected with every worldly ambition; I have felt too acutely the burden and remorse of sin, and finally the exquisite joy of a life of righteousness, associated with a pure worship of God through the atoning blood of Christ, to desire any higher blessing. I am now striving to serve my generation faithfully and well—striving. No, I have no desire for the vainglory of man; but I do desire, and that ardently, the loving sympathy and good fellowship of every true-hearted worshipper of the Lord God of Israel, and a helping hand from them in my moments of weakness.

Fellow-man, forgive if thou hast aught against me!

Heavenly Father, overrule for good all contained herein not in accordance with Thy Holy Will; forgive Thy son for all the sins of his past, and help him in the future to live to Thine honour and glory, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by the power and grace of Thy Holy Spirit.

"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."—2 TIM. i. 12.

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."—ROM. i. 16.

"TO THE JEW FIRST."

Other Memories and Meditations.

God's Loyal Children.

Bright, kindly light beams from the eyes of those who are God's own,
Which springs from natures whence the vice of selfishness has flown.

Firm, true, and tender is the clasp of hand God's children give,
Beneath whose touch much sorrow dies, and joy is born to live.

Serenely calm the manners are God's children best display,
Whose loving charm bids petulance and discord fly away.

Pleasant and sweet the voices are in which God's children speak
When their soft cadences well forth from natures strong and meek.

Gracious and quick forgiveness is God's faithful children feel,
As the first blush of penitence o'er sad offenders steal.

Simple and gentle are the words God's zealous children find
When they proclaim the gladsome news—Salvation for mankind.

Most precious are the holy truths from whence these virtues flow,
The fulness of whose blessedness God's loyal children know.

Happy Thought.

O linger, linger, happy thought,
For thou hast renovation wrought
Upon my deep distress of mind;
O happy thought be thou so kind
For ever in my soul to dwell
And exorcise each sinful spell:
O linger, linger, welcome guest,
Thou givest me such perfect rest.

Yes, trusting soul, I gladly stay
To guide you in the narrow way;
I hear your prayer and know your need;
Continue still to pray and plead;
Be ever watchful, hour by hour,
And perfect joy shall be your dower;
No more shall deep distress of mind
Your trusting soul with anguish bind.

Accept my thanks, O happy thought,
For the sweet inspiration caught;
I now am in the narrow way,
And gladly follow thy bright ray;
Where'er thou leadest I will go,
For by thy radiant light I know
That thou the Spirit art of love
Sent by our Saviour from above.

We know God's Ways are best.

When those we dearly love have gone
To their eternal rest,
This solace is in sorrow born,
We know God's ways are best.

The faithful ones who in the Lord
Have winged their way to heaven,
Will there receive the rich reward
His promises have given.

Within the mansion bright above,
Beyond the golden shore
God's faithful children dwell in love,
Rejoicing evermore.

And shall we, too, not go to heaven
And meet them once again?
We trust in Christ for sins forgiven;
This hope should winnow pain.

'Tis God who gives and takes away
And bids us not repine;
A thousand years are but a day
In realms of love divine.

Weep not for those, then, gone before
Let every tear be dry;
We'll meet them on the golden shore
In the sweet by-and-by.

CHRISTMAS.

Ah! Christmas is a blissful time;
It holds my thoughts from earthly care
And raises them to realms sublime,
To feel the joy the angels share.

The Saviour on this day was born,
Who died to cleanse my soul from sin;
And here on each glad Christmas morn
Good-will and peace now enter in.

A wondrous, healing glow of peace:
With pure delight it floods my soul,
To sorrow's pang it gives release
And makes my wounded spirit whole.

Christ is the source of perfect peace,
And gives this touch of joy divine;
As faith and hope and love increase,
An endless wealth of bliss is mine.

And these glad tidings I'll proclaim
To absent friends in distant lands;
I'll glorify His holy name
And rule my life as He commands.

Kind Words.

I thank you, friend, for your kind words:
They prove your nature deep and true,
And as the warbling songs of birds
They stir my heart in depths anew.

They come as spring when winter's fray
Has left the land both bare and bleak,
And sun and rain alternate play
To strengthen buds that blossom weak.

Or as the light, refreshing showers,
After a long and sultry day,
That bring the fragrance from the flowers
And clear the dust and heat away.

Kind words will prove that friends are nigh
Where'er we roam o'er land and sea,
And still the heart's sad home-sick sigh,
For thro' their lens our homes we see.

Press On.

Your words my heart and soul inspire
  To press toward the victor's crown,
And ere I from this earth retire,
  I'll spread abroad our Lord's renown.

Yes, I will strive with all my might
  To bring lost sinners to His feet,
Till many say in pure delight
  His is the only mercy-seat.

I'll pray for power from on high,
  That I may make it clear to all,
That sinners need not weep nor sigh
  If they obey the Saviour's call.

With gentle words I'll strive to prove
  How erring is the life they lead,
If they will not all sin remove
  By taking Jesus in their need.

I'll strive to prove He is the way
  Where they may find sweet peace and rest;
I'll plead with them not to delay
  Accepting such a gracious guest.

Why do they linger in their sin?
  Why will they be the devil's slave?
When they may this sweet life begin,
  If they in Jesus' blood will lave.

To those who doubt of Israel's seed
  I'll plead with them to read the Word,
And, then, if they will only read,
  Many will say He is our Lord.

Your words my heart and soul inspire
  To press towards the victor's crown,
And ere I from this earth retire,
  I'll spread abroad our Lord's renown.

Sunset Tower.

As we recline on sunset tower,
  We feel that we are heaven blest,
So peaceful is the evening hour
  That marks the sunset in the west.

A golden brightness floods the sky
  Above the distant mountain height;
Resplendent rays flood every eye
  That scans the sun's bright fading light.

As sky and hills and trees are seen,
  A charming panorama shows;
The purple, red and blue and green,
  Commingling, radiant hues disclose.

In such an hour the heart and brain
  Presage to soul its peerless power,
As thoughts that dormant long have lain
  Awake, and prove its priceless dower.

We cannot voice these thoughts in song,
  But God we thank as we retire;
In heart and brain pure thoughts are strong,
  As his great wonders we admire.

Y.M.C.A.

Y.M.C.A. I send greetings;
  For many happy hours I've spent
In your gladsome Gospel meetings,
  And found therein such calm content.

You give a warm clasp of the hand,
  As cheerily your voices ring;
And joyously you ever stand
  To spread the glories of our King.

To lonely boys from home, I say,
  Frequent these rooms, if you are sad;
A welcome warm will bid you stay,
  And by its brightness make you glad.

Y.M.C.A. I send greetings;
  You have success and wondrous might,
For your gladsome Gospel meetings
  Are leading many to the light.

The light that leads to peace and joy,
  And fits us for our home above;
Why will not each despondent boy
  Accept the Light of life and love?

To all my friends The Old, the New.

Written in U.S.A.

Dear Friends upon the Motherland,
  I greet ye from a distant shore,
And write, whilst heart and soul demand
  To meet you face to face once more.

Kind friends upon this foreign shore,
  I long to see your faces too,
For friendship absence must deplore,
  If friends are friends—the old, the new.

Accept my love, dear friends, dear friends,
  And if some thoughts of faults awake,
Will you, before the old year ends,
  Forgive me, for sweet friendship's sake?

For friends, dear friends—the old, the new,
  I clasp, in spirit, each dear hand,
And thus, sweet friendship's vows renew,
  On foreign shore and Motherland.

Kind faces in a vision rise,
  The Christian and the Jew I see,
Who meet in love and fraternize,
  Beneath the spreading Olive Tree.

In peace, the Christian and the Jew
  Are mingling in one happy throng,
Their faces beam with friendship true,
  And goodwill is the only song.

And as they sing the joyous lay,
  Time-worn barriers tumble down,
As prejudices die away
  That blotted our dear Lord's renown.

And sweetest buds of purest love
  Bloom forth upon the face of all,
Whilst from their lips and eyes above
  The fragrant leaves of kindness fall.

Kenyon College.

Upon a hill the College stands,
  Whence we see on every side
The lovely undulating lands,
  Where the winding waters glide.

Beyond the vales the hills are seen,
  Beneath the oval of the sky,
All robed in tints of tender green,
  Blending in the sunbeams nigh.

Right overhead the graceful trees,
  Intertwine their leafy boughs,
Whilst far around the birds and bees,
  Buzz and fly, and cattle browse.

To right and left are College halls,
  Weather-worn and hoar with age,
Wherein have lived, the mind recalls,
  Men of fame on history's page.

And resting gently on a knoll,
  Clad in English ivy green,
Fair beauty's best to crown the whole
  God's own edifice is seen.

It truly is a lovely view
  Now the blast has spent its force,
And joyous nature sings anew,
  In the sun's bright ripening course

And looking down the sunny slope,
  This fair afternoon, we feel
Uprise within a fervent hope,
  For old Kenyon's lasting weal.

OBERLIN COLLEGE.—*Morning.*

Thy deep religious vein, so full of light,
Has shed new radiance on my spirit's sight,
As when at early morn the sun will rise
In splendour to illume the eastern skies,
And fresh present to our delighted gaze
Fair pastoral scenes compelling all our praise,
When just before, enveloped in the gloom,
At every step a danger seemed to loom.
The country then its rarest charm will show,
Bathed in the beauty of the sunrise glow.
For here we find the rays of Jesus' power
Illume the soul each early morning hour,
And in the sweetness and the hush of prayer
The purest joy of earth we daily share;

For many who escape the power of sin
Feel with delight the Spirit's sway within,
As new-born hopes and joys burst forth in bloom
And quick dispel the contrite sinner's gloom.
Thus armed with peace, we go upon our way,
Prepared to face the conflicts of the day.
The halls of learning then are quickly filled
Where maid and youth in unison upbuild
Their minds with knowledge culled from reason's store,
Inscribed in books by master minds of yore,
Or by the wisest men of our own day,
Whose works the fruits of wisdom best display.
Here golden hours in study quickly go,
As precious truths in ceaseless measures flow,
And virgin minds absorb with eager zest
The priceless treasures from the East and West.

OBERLIN COLLEGE.—*Evening Chapel.*

The bell upon the evening air
Proclaims to all the hour of prayer,
And from their homes the maid and youth
Press eagerly to hear the Truth.
They come in throngs from East and West,
And North and South—the nation's best—
With hurrying feet and faces bright
To welcome in the shades of night
By offering sacrifice of praise
To Him who blesses all our days,
Until a thousand forms and more
Are clustered on the chapel floor.
The sight must make the angels sing,
And heaven with loud hosannahs ring.

Now, whilst we hear the Scriptures read,
On God's own Word our souls are fed;
And then the strains of music clear
Peal joyously upon the ear,
As students young and masters old
In hymn of praise their love unfold.
For quick the girlish voices sweet
Arise upon the air, and meet
Sonorous tones from manly throats,
Whence high and low the cadence floats,
Until the very rafters ring
With joyful praises to our King;
The wealth of sound, swelling, swelling,
To sacred, solemn thought impelling.
Then from the throne of grace on high
We draw a priceless blessing nigh,
And when we raise our heads we feel
The inspired faces all reveal
Worship and wisdom hand in hand,
Enthroned within the College stand.

Alice and Marguerite.

I sit and dream this April day
Of my wee playmates far away,
Of Alice dear and Marguerite,
And all their childish manners sweet,
So like the old time winning ways
Of my fair sisters' childhood days.
I dream I enter at the door,
As they are romping on the floor;
But at my step away they fling
Their little toys, and up they spring

Into my arms and kisses rain
To bid me welcome home again;
And as our merry laughter charms
They clasp my neck within their arms,
And happily my heart replies
To love beams flashing from their eyes.
I dream that Marguerite and I
Are wand'ring in the meadows nigh,
Gathering wild flowers as they grow,
Near where the winding waters flow;
For she rejoices in the flowers
That bloom awhile in sunny hours.
I dream that Alice sings to me
As she is sitting on my knee;
She never says, "Excuse me, please";
But, like the birdlings in the trees,
She sings because it is a part
Of joy upswelling from her heart.
Dear Alice, and dear Marguerite,
I found your childish ways were sweet;
And as I dream this April day,
I wish you were not far away.
If you were here and rocked my chair,
And pinched my cheeks and pulled my hair,
Or made me play at hide and seek
From now until next Monday week,
I really think your many charms
Would make me take you in my arms,
And ask God from His throne above
To bless you with His fondest love.

To Eda, Evelyn, Violet, and Rose.

A meadow of grasses beside the blue sea
Will often recall glad memories to me
Of Eda and Evelyn, and Violet and Rose,
As they to their playmates true kindness disclose,
When shyly presenting sweet roses and may,
Fresh from the home garden down old Bedford way;
A vision of beauty then flashed on my sight,
And flooded my nature with purest delight.
Ah, playmates! I value your roses and may,
But cherish more dearly the love you display;
For love-beams that sparkle in shy little eyes
Must deepen and strengthen humanity's ties.
The fair shores of England grow fairer by far
When bordered by meadows where bright children are,
Whose goodness of nature to many disclose
That they in the love of sweet Jesus repose.

Sweet Margie.

I took sweet Margie in my arms
  To jump her up on high,
And when her little head was bumped
  My playmate did not cry.

But turning prettily around,
  She said, "Oh never mind;"
Whereon I clasped her to my heart,
  For she was brave and kind.

And from that moment we became
  The truest-hearted friends;
As mamma knows, when at our play,
  Our joyous laughter blends.

To-day sweet Margie let me cut
  A lock from flowing curls,
And now she stands within my group
  Of loving little girls.

My pilgrim journey here on earth
  By them is greatly blest,
For oft in sorrow I have found
  With them the sweetest rest.

Their merry, prattling, winning ways
  Can conquer weariness,
And loneliness is charmed away
  By their bright loveliness.

I hope sweet Margie will become
  An ornament for God,
And in her German prayer will say,
  "Bless Mr. Levy, Lord."

Sweet Margie, will you love me well,
  As friends should ever love,
And love me thro' your earthly life
  And endless life above?

True or False?

True men will love the maidens best
Whose eyes are in shy fringes drest,
Until the spark of love shall shine,
And lift these shades to light divine.
For true love sheds a soft clear light,
Alike the million stars of night,
When all the fleecy clouds between
Are scattered by the moon, their queen.

But love-light in some women's eyes
Is falser than false Satan's lies;
For him we are prepared to meet,
The old time father of deceit;
But they, God's fairest gift to man,
Will oft the meanest warfare plan
Beneath the pure white flag of love,
And thus more false than Satan prove.
And woman is his best ally,
When he would man's true manhood try.
But man, O man! thou art the same,
And canst not well afford to blame,
For, by the aid of eye and tongue,
You many gentle hearts have wrung;
Or by a fell, satanic power
Brought loving woman's nature lower.
Ah! who can tell the true or false
When youthful hearts are passion-tost,
Amid the many doubts and fears
That come to test our untried years?
Not many know the heart's deceit,
Until its good has met defeat,
As resolutions, bravely made,
Are broken by false Satan's aid;
For we believe his is the power
That conquers in the evil hour.
This is the secret of the strife
That enters into human life—
The love, the hate, the good, the sin,
The never-ending war within,
The enmity of flesh and soul,
The best and meanest of man's whole.

The flesh, the world, the devil, all
Conspire to bring about our fall;
And if we would triumphant be,
We must be victors o'er the three.
The lust of eye and pride of life,
And worldly love and care and strife,
Into subjection must be brought,
If we would live as Christ has taught.
The mystery each one may know,
And stop temptation's ebb and flow;
For if we strive to do God's will,
And our true destiny fulfil,
His message will be understood,
"All things together work for good."

On the Marriage of two dear Sisters.

On this the bridal day
  Of those we dearly love,
We sing a joyful lay
  To Him who reigns above.
We give Thee, Lord, our praise,
  And ask Thee now to bless,
Through all the coming days,
  Their lives with loveliness.

Each fair and happy bride
  Now stands at beauty's best;
On hope's radiant tide
  Their sweetest day-dreams rest.
The orb of bliss divine
  Has risen on their way,
And joys like sunbeams shine
  Through one long cloudless day.

Bright scenes are stretching far
  Along life's future shore,
More beautiful by far
  Than all that charmed before;
And changeful chimes now start
  Most sweetly on the ear,
As joy-bells in the heart
  Burst forth in music clear.

O Father, let Thy beams
  Of love their pathway light,
And let sweet fancy's dreams
  Of future joys prove right!
O, guide each trusting wife
  Safe o'er the marriage sea,
Where loveliness of life
  Will glory bring to Thee.

FORGIVENESS.

We sometimes think in bitter pain
  Of thoughtless words and deeds;
And conscience weaves a gloomy chain
  When on them mem'ry feeds.

Forgetting quite the caustic taste,
  And with no wrong intent,
We write and speak in reckless haste,
  And kindest hearts are rent.

Reflection may reveal the thought,
  And quickly bid explain,
The Christian mind, in full revolt,
  Denies the wish to pain.

We know full well our thoughtless deeds
  Will wound the firmest friend,
And sow a crop of wrathful seeds
  That may kind feeling end.

Yet, still, we can contrition show;
  True friendship will respond,
And will forgiveness quick bestow,
  And stronger forge the bond.

And if forgiveness is withheld,
  We'll seal a manly part;
When we contrition have upheld
  We'll bid our pain depart.

We must not let grief's gloomy chain
  Entwine the Christian mind;
For sin and sorrow Christ was slain,
  Forgiving all mankind.

Each Christian has to pardon much,
  To be forgiven more,
Before he has the Christ-like touch
  Sent from the golden shore.

Farewell!

Farewell! farewell! dear friends, dear friends,
  The hour has come to part,
But oft I'll see, through mem'ry's lens,
  Your faces in my heart.

Farewell! farewell! the word is sweet
  And breathes a loving hope,
And future joys divinely meet
  Within its horoscope.

Yet, still, its sound through loving hearts
  A thrill of sadness sends,
And oft a sudden tear-drop starts
  When friends depart from friends.

Ah! in my wand'rings far and wide,
  Too often I have heard
O'er friendly lips most kindly glide
  This sweet but painful word.

Farewell! farewell! dear friends, dear friends,
  Oft in the coming days
I will review, thro' mem'ry's lens,
  Your courtly, Christian ways.

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—PHILIP. iii. 13, 14.

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen."—2 COR. xiii. 14.

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